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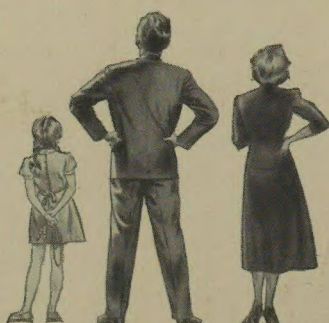
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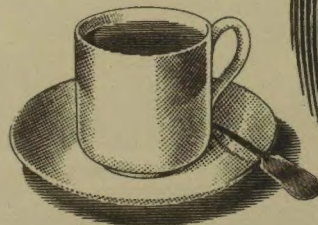


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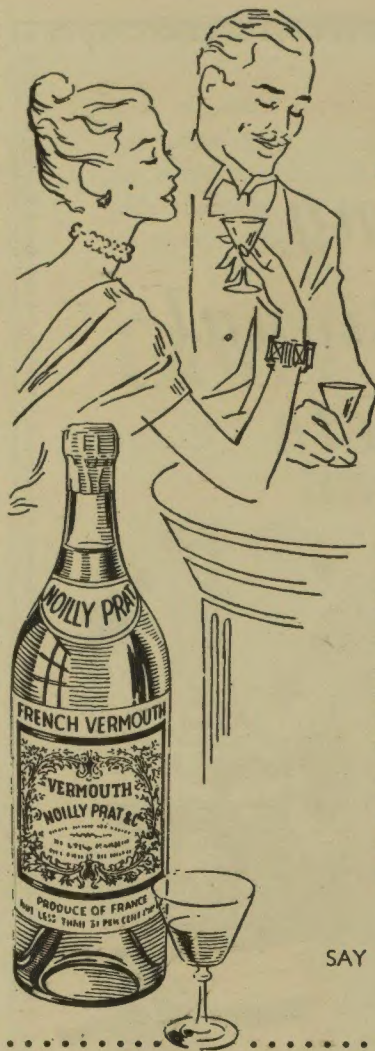
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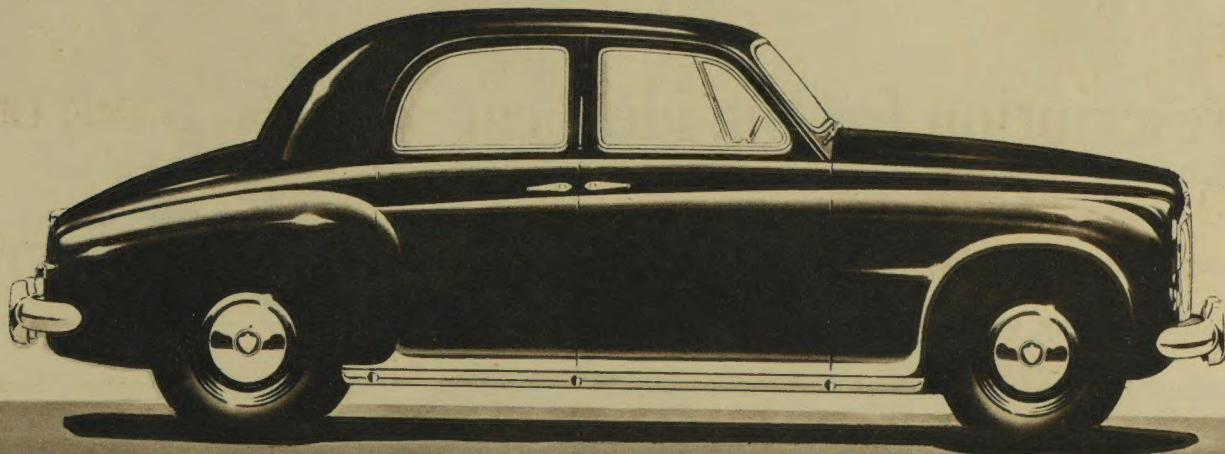


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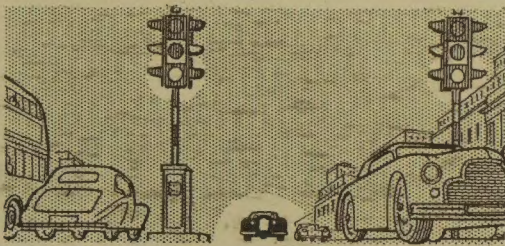
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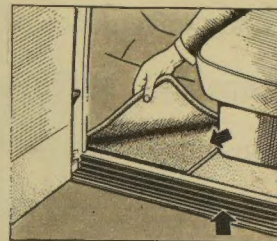
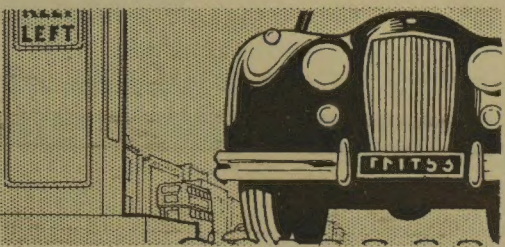
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Brake drums are rather like people—they're apt to get rather hot and bothered. And a brake drum at 300° centigrade is quite hot enough to be bothered about... especially when a brake lining continues to be pressed against it with some force! With the searing heat of a brake drum as partner, linings sometimes will fade or lose efficiency.



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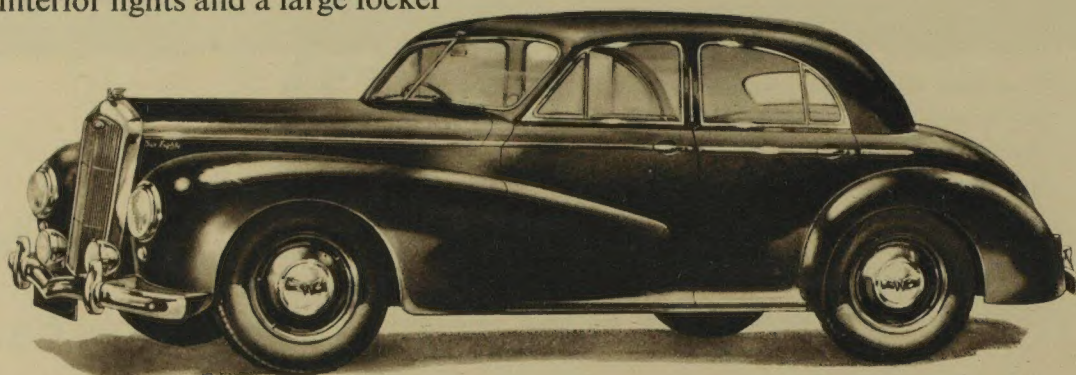
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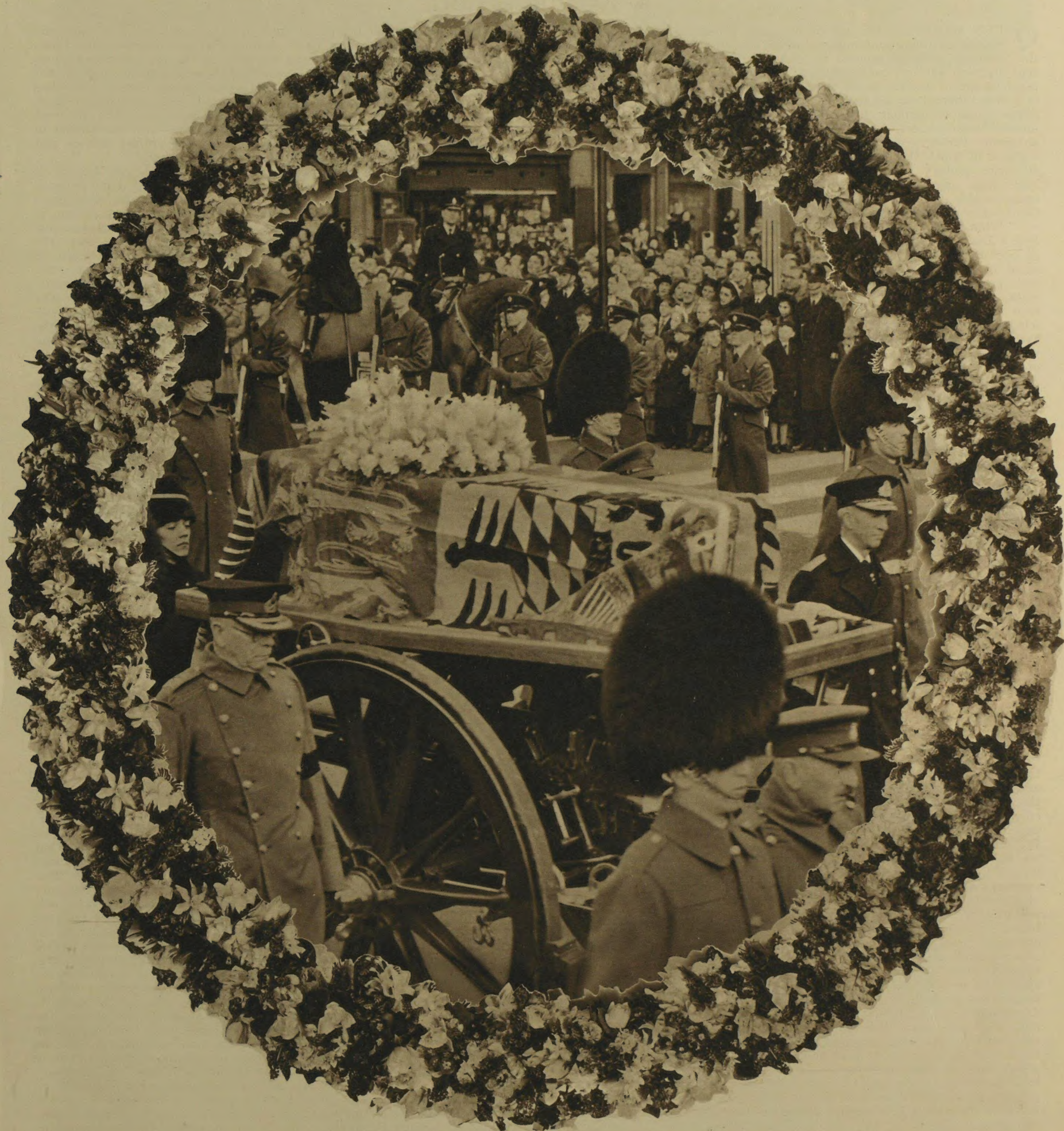
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SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1953.



COVERED BY HER LATE MAJESTY'S PERSONAL STANDARD AND SURMOUNTED BY A WREATH, WITH THE INSCRIPTION "FROM HER DEVOTED LILIBET AND PHILIP": QUEEN MARY'S COFFIN ON ITS JOURNEY TO WESTMINSTER HALL.

A single wreath of sweet-scented spring flowers, from the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, with the inscription "In loving memory from her devoted Lilibet and Philip," surmounted the coffin of Queen Mary as, draped in her late Majesty's personal Standard, it was borne through the streets of the capital to Westminster Hall for the Lying-in-State. The actual procession is illustrated on other pages. This

photograph shows the coffin, beside which walked the pall-bearers and the bearer party of Guardsmen. Her late Majesty's arms were the Royal arms impaling quarterly 1st and 4th the arms of the late Princess Mary of Cambridge, Duchess of Teck, and 2nd and 3rd the arms of the late Francis, Prince and Duke of Teck. The wreath forming the border was specially made by Messrs. Wills and Segar.

N.B.—Other photographs of the funeral and Lying-in-State of Queen Mary appear on later pages in this issue.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

QUEEN MARY was the last of the great Victorians: a public figure, as the charming and much-admired Princess May in the heyday of the Forsytes—a Royal princess to Swithin and old Jolyon and James of that mythical yet very real family. Yet, though she hailed from this now fabulous age of wealth, power and dignity, and possessed and maintained in a very different one all its virtues, she never really belonged to it. Her robust sense of humour, her contempt for every kind of humbug, her forward-looking, alert, adaptable, vigorous mind seemed to belong to an altogether earlier generation, more direct, forceful and frank than the 'eighties in which she grew up. In a sense, indeed, she belonged even to an earlier century. Her grandfather was a son of King George III., and more than any other figure of her age this great lady bridged the immeasurable gulf between the England of Pitt and Fox and even of Chatham and Adam, and the England of "What's My Line?" and "Mrs. Dale's Diary." She did so by keeping an open mind about both; her historical sense, though based on a wide culture and profound scholarship, was never static. She moved with the times, kept well abreast and, at moments, one felt, almost ahead of the present. She carried the past with her, as though it was a living thing. She had the kind of quality that belongs to Westminster Abbey and Westminster Hall; she bore the impress of the ages into the very heart of the present. To her, one felt, King Alfred, Edward I., the great Elizabeth, and the four Georges were as real and living as, say, Mr. Attlee. The latter was the latest in the long line of Britain's Prime Ministers who enjoyed her friendship, and Mr. Disraeli had been the first. She had conversed with men who fought at Waterloo, and with men who fought at Arnhem. Her father had grown up in the era of the horse-coach and the sailing-ship, and she spent her last years, serene and unperturbed, in that of the jet-Meteor, the rocket and the atom bomb. In the closing decades of her life, she recalled and embodied Waller's famous lines:

Leaving the old, both worlds at once
they view
That stand upon the threshold of
the new.

And now we shall see that familiar figure no more. On the afternoon of the procession that was to carry her body from Marlborough House to Westminster Hall, I felt the oppression of the thought and, leaving my desk, hurried towards the processional route to join the London crowd that, for the last time, was to pay its familiar meed of homage to her. But when I reached Waterloo Place the waiting multitude was far too dense to leave any hope of even a glimpse of the cortege, such as, through long knowledge of the subtle contours of Hyde Park, I was able to catch of King George VI.'s funeral over the heads of the crowd. In one sense I was glad, for it showed that, even despite the cold, grey, blowing skies of March, the great city the dead Queen had so long known and loved had turned out in force to bid her farewell. But in another sense I was disappointed, for I felt that the sight of that last drive through the silent, lined Mall and across the Horse Guards Parade would be something to carry with me into that unknown future which Queen Mary herself always faced with such unaltered, unalterable serenity, and that it would be, too, a link with all those many occasions in the past half-century on which I had watched her performing her part in England's unchanging and beautiful pageantry of State; even with the far days when, as a boy, I used to see her from the wall of Marlborough House driving, first as Princess of Wales, and later as Queen, to the great State ceremonies of the Edwardian and early Georgian era. Then I remembered that I was a member of a club, spared by Hitler's bombings and still unrequisioned by our ever-expanding Civil Service, whose entrance was only a few yards from where I stood wedged in the crowd; and, glancing up, I saw on its highest balcony a few venerable figures gazing out past the Duke of York's impassive monument. A few minutes later I had joined them and, standing on a balustrade, was able to glimpse, between the tracery of a tree—happily still not yet in leaf and, even more happily, still not yet demolished to make an underground

garage—and the smoke-blackened mass of the Duke's broad column, the cleared, lined roadway of the Mall. And at that very moment the strains of Handel's great March began and the head of the procession came into view. For the next quarter of an hour, like those around me and all that vast crowd below, I was no longer living in the present but in a timeless world of which Queen Mary had always, even in life, been part and to which now, released from life's pettiness and fret, she wholly belonged. We were all momentarily made one, by her and through her, with the stream of England's history; with that pattern of discipline, proud service and diversity blended into unity through which a nation is made.

Nothing could have surpassed the dignity and sad moving beauty of that scene or the fitness of the setting: the ancient park that lay between the historic palaces of St. James's and Whitehall, the stone effigies of Queen

Mary's great-uncle on his tall column in front of me, and of her father-in-law, King Edward VII., at my feet, the towers of the Abbey and Houses of Parliament on the near horizon; the blue-coated airmen, the shining white helmets of the Marines, the scarlet of the Life Guards' cloaks, above all the marching of the grey-coated Guardsmen before whose ranks the Queen had so often passed in life. I doubt if any corporate activity of man has ever produced anything more beautiful than the slow march of the Brigade of Guards. The perfection of its rhythm, the iron restraint yet exquisite delicacy of it, the proud yet self-effacing expression of courage, comradeship, devotion and sacrifice, all communicated without a trace of either militaristic braggart or foppishness, could only have been achieved through centuries of practice and gradual evolution. Being on the whole a stolid and artistically insensitive people, who have allowed our æsthetic senses to become atrophied during a century of industrial lunacy, we are inclined to take it all for granted and to regard it, though with an affectionate and proprietary humour and pride, as a kind of amalgam between the "March of the Tin Soldiers" and the "square-bashing" of raucous-voiced sergeant-majors. The utter irrelevance of the questions sometimes asked in Parliament about the class affiliations of the Brigade's officers and the rigours of its drill-yard discipline are instances of this confusion or, rather, negation of thought. How, after all, could the flawless, instinctive conduct of the Guards on battlefield and parade-ground have been achieved or be maintained except as the result of an immense, sustained and constantly practised effort and the unconscious preservation, through caste and institution, of the tradition of a thousand years? That tradition—of service, honour and hereditary devotion to the State—is far older than that of the Brigade itself; it had already begun to exist when Harold's house-carls died at Hastings, when Stephen Langton and William Marshal joined hands to distil out of the clash between brutal rebellion and a sadistic despot's megalomania the miracle of Magna Carta; when the Justices of the Peace summoned



A GREAT-GRANDSON OF QUEEN VICTORIA: EX-KING CAROL OF RUMANIA, WHO DIED ON APRIL 4 AT ESTORIL, AGED FIFTY-NINE.

Ex-King Carol of Rumania was the elder son of King Ferdinand and Queen Marie, and through his mother was a great-grandson of Queen Victoria. His marriage with Mme. Zizi Lambrino, a commoner, was declared illegal, and when aged twenty-eight he married Princess Helen of Greece, by whom he had a son Michael. This union ended in separation and then divorce. King Carol's association with Mme. Lupescu was regarded adversely, and in 1925 he rejoined her in Italy and renounced his Royal rights. His son Michael succeeded to the throne in 1927; but in 1930 Carol returned to power as King. When World War II broke out he attempted to maintain Rumania's neutrality, but German pressure was too great; and in 1940 he abdicated. He married Mme. Lupescu in 1949. His last public appearance was at the memorial service for Queen Mary at St. George's Church, Lisbon. His funeral at the Monastery of Sao Vicente was fixed for April 7. Ex-King Michael stated he would not be attending the funeral as he wished to remain with his wife, who had recently given birth to her third child.

rustic, unpoliced England from the plough to the pike as the Armada beacons flamed on the heights; when Charles died on the scaffold for the rule of law and a florid-faced country gentleman from Huntingdonshire saved England from anarchy. Better than any man or woman of our time Queen Mary understood all this; from her far childhood she had hourly served and expressed the same ideal as the Brigade of Guards—the hereditary emblem of freedom through unity, service, love and sacrifice that is the English monarchy. It was fitting that the passing of her spirit across the Royal park she knew and loved so well should be made to that lovely, disciplined, familiar rhythm and that noble, haunting, Hanoverian music. As the coffin was borne through the tense, still, silent ranks of soldiers and people across the Horse Guards Parade towards Kent's archway, where the silver-haired Wellington had ridden out for the last time only fifteen years before Queen Mary's birth, a gleam of sunlight, like the promise of the coming Coronation, broke for a moment through the grey Atlantic clouds above the Admiralty and Treasury and lit the scene in benison. And as I relaxed and turned away, the draped coffin vanished into the sunlight and through the ancient arch.

THE MAU MAU MASSACRE: VICTIMS AND SURVIVORS, AND SOME SUSPECTS.



AT CHIEF LUKA'S HOMESTEAD IN THE UPLANDS AREA: THE ASHES OF A HUT BURNED DOWN BY MAU MAU TERRORISTS AND IN WHICH LOYAL KIKUYU PERISHED. THE CHIEF'S WIVES AND CHILDREN WERE KILLED.

WITH THEIR WINDSCREENS AND HEADLAMPS SMASHED BY THE TERRORISTS: TWO VEHICLES BELONGING TO CHIEF LUKA, WHO WAS HACKED TO DEATH, WHILE HIS FAMILY WERE BURNED ALIVE.



TAKING REFUGE INSIDE THE POLICE STATION ENCLOSURE AT UPLANDS: WOMEN AND CHILDREN WHO FLED FROM THE MAU MAU TERRORISTS AND ESCAPED WITH THEIR LIVES.



DETAINED FOR INTERROGATION: SOME OF THE KIKUYU ROUNDED UP AFTER THE MAU MAU MASSACRE, SEVERAL BEING DENOUNCED BY THEIR OWN WIVES.

BURNT, SLASHED AND MUTILATED: SOME OF THE SURVIVORS OF THE MASSACRE ON MARCH 26 BEING TREATED AT THE KING GEORGE VI. HOSPITAL IN NAIROBI.

The massacre of loyal Kikuyu in the Uplands area of the Kiambu reserve, near Nairobi, on March 26 is described on pages 558-559 in this issue; here we show some of the survivors of that ghastly night when shouting Mau Mau terrorists swept through the little villages, setting fire to the huts and cutting down any who tried to escape from the flames. Some evaded capture and took refuge inside the barbed-wire enclosure of the Uplands police station, others, although badly injured, escaped from the scene of murder, and yet others by feigning

death saved their lives. Lorries took the burnt, slashed and mutilated victims to hospitals in the vicinity, while security forces swept the area and detained large numbers of Kikuyu for interrogation. A number of these were identified as having taken part in the attack, while others were denounced by their wives, who were appalled by the atrocities committed on helpless women and children. One of the victims of the terrorists was the elderly chief Luka, whose support of the Government had made him a marked man.



THE SCENE OF A GHASTLY MASSACRE: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE SMOULDERING RUINS OF HUTS IN WHICH THE FAMILIES OF LOYAL KIKUYU WERE BURNT ALIVE BY MAU MAU TERRORISTS.

Emboldened by a succession of murders of European settlers, accompanied by the most savage mutilations of the bodies, Mau Mau terrorists on March 26 attacked loyal Kikuyu in the Uplands district of the Kiambu reserve near Nairobi under the cover of night and while many of the men were away on their "home guard" duties, patrolling the forest. In gangs of about forty to fifty they swept

through the little villages in the area, fastening the doors of the huts and setting fire to the grass roofs. Many died in the flames and others, men, women and children, who managed to break out were pursued by the terrorists and slashed with pangas, swords and hatchets. Among those who died was Chief Luka with his whole family, including his three wives—he was hacked to death and his limbs

severed. Chief Makime, who was one of the intended victims, escaped and with his bodyguard fought off the terrorists. When dawn came it revealed the full extent of the slaughter, at least seventy-one men, women and children dead or dying, and a number of others hideously wounded. The "home guards" found their homes reduced to smouldering heaps of ashes and searching among

the debris uncovered the charred bones of their families. Meanwhile another Mau Mau gang raided a police station on the outskirts of Nairobi and, after killing an African police constable, an African police reservist and other Africans, broke into the police reserve armoury and stole firearms and ammunition. Later a number of firearms and a large quantity of ammunition was recovered by the security forces.

NEWS FROM FAR AND NEAR: A PICTORIAL COMMENTARY ON CURRENT EVENTS.



THE QUEEN'S COLOUR PARADED AT AN R.A.F. ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION IN MANCHESTER: FIELD MARSHAL LORD ALEXANDER (IN JEEP) INSPECTING THE PARADE.

At a review in Manchester on April 1 to celebrate the thirty-fifth anniversary of the formation of the R.A.F., the Queen's Colour was paraded in public with full ceremonial. The reviewing officer was Field Marshal Lord Alexander, Minister of Defence. More than a hundred jet aircraft flew past at about 2000 ft.



UNVEILED IN CANBERRA ON MARCH 4 BY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF AUSTRALIA, SIR WILLIAM MCKELL: A MASSIVE BRONZE STATUE OF KING GEORGE V.

Our photograph shows the official party during the playing of the National Anthem after the unveiling of the statue of King George V. in Canberra. (L. to r.): Commander J. M. Caradus, Miss H. Menzies, Dr. H. V. Evatt (Federal Leader of the Opposition), Mrs. Menzies, Sir William McKell (the Governor-General), Mr. R. G. Menzies (the Prime Minister; to right of microphone), Lady McKell, Sir Philip McBride, Miss Betty McKell and Lieut.-Colonel W. G. N. Orr.



A COMMEMORATIVE PLAQUE TO G. A. HENTY: WORKMEN ERECTING THE MEMORIAL OUTSIDE 33, LAVENDER GARDENS, BATTERSEA, LONDON.

On April 1 a blue-and-white plaque was erected by the L.C.C. at 33, Lavender Gardens, Battersea, in memory of G. A. Henty, the author of many stories of adventure, who lived in the house from 1894 until his death. Henty died on board his yacht *Egret* at Weymouth on November 16, 1902.



COMMEMORATING A MAN WHO WROTE GREAT ADVENTURE STORIES: THE PLAQUE ERECTED RECENTLY BY THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL AT 33, LAVENDER GARDENS, BATTERSEA.



ONCE MORE ROAMING AT WILL THROUGH THE WOODS AT WHIPSNADE ZOO: TWO OF THE MONKEYS NOW AT LIBERTY. The monkeys at Whipsnade Zoo are now allowed their pre-war freedom to roam the woods at will. For some years they have been enclosed by wire and they are now thoroughly enjoying their new-found liberty. Visitors to the Zoo also enjoy seeing the monkeys against a more natural background.



ESCAPE BY AIR FROM CZECHOSLOVAKIA: THE CZECH STATE AIRLINE DAKOTA WHICH WAS LANDED AT FRANKFURT BY A RUSE ON MARCH 23.

On March 23 a Czech State Airline *Dakota*, with a crew of four and twenty-five passengers, on a flight from Prague to Brno, was seized by a group of four armed conspirators and landed at Frankfurt, in the U.S. Zone of Germany. The pilot was the only member of the crew in the plot, and one of the conspirators was a



SIX PEOPLE WHO ASKED FOR POLITICAL ASYLUM IN WESTERN GERMANY: THE FOUR ORGANISERS OF THE ESCAPE PLOT AND TWO OF THE PASSENGERS IN THE DAKOTA.

woman, the wife of the ringleader, Helmut Cerniak, who was an R.A.F. radio operator during the war. Two of the passengers—a teacher of English and an architect—also asked for asylum in Western Germany, but the other passengers decided to return home on account of their families.

GREAT SHIPS AND A LITTLE KETCH, AND AN AMERICAN RAIL DISASTER.



(ABOVE.) LEAVING BELFAST HARBOUR FOR PRELIMINARY TRIALS IN THE IRISH SEA: BRITAIN'S LATEST AIRCRAFT CARRIER, H.M.S. *CENTAUR*, WHICH WAS LAUNCHED IN 1947.

Centaur, a light fleet aircraft carrier of the *Hermes* class, left Belfast recently for a week's preliminary trials in the Irish Sea. She was laid down in 1944 and launched on April 22, 1947. The shape of the stern in this class differs from that in earlier carriers.



(RIGHT.) TWO GREAT U.S.A. LINERS PASSING IN NORTH RIVER, NEW YORK CITY; THE *AMERICA* (FOREGROUND) AND THE *UNITED STATES*, WHICH HOLDS THE BLUE RIBBON OF THE ATLANTIC.

The *S.S. United States* captured the Blue Ribband of the Atlantic by completing the passage of 2942 nautical miles from the Ambrose Light vessel in 3 days, 10 hours and 40 mins. at an average speed of 35.59 knots last July, and our recently-taken photograph shows her passing the outward-bound liner *S.S. America*, with the famous New York skyline as a dramatic background.



A TRIPLE TRAIN COLLISION NEAR CONNEAUT, OHIO: THE SCENE AFTER THE DISASTER, IN WHICH TWENTY-TWO PERSONS ARE KNOWN TO HAVE BEEN KILLED; AND MANY INJURED. On March 27 a length of iron pipe fell from an eastbound goods train on a main line of the New York Central Railway near Conneaut, Ohio, bending a rail on one of the inner tracks for passenger trains. A westbound passenger train struck the bent rail and the derailed locomotive collided with a westbound goods train it was passing. An eastbound passenger train then crashed at speed into the wreckage. Twenty-two bodies have been recovered, and it is feared more are buried.



THE END OF A SALVAGE ATTEMPT: MR. K. MAITLAND, WHO AFTER NINETEEN MONTHS HAS BEEN COMPELLED TO DISPOSE OF THE KETCH *RUSTLER* TO A SHIP-BREAKER. Mr. Kenneth Maitland's 25-ton ketch *Rustler* was blown ashore on Brighton Beach in August 1951. He has spent nineteen months in efforts to refloat the craft, aided by a number of volunteer helpers. During this time he lived aboard the boat. The high seas of March 30 damaged *Rustler* severely and flooded the craft completely, so that Mr. Maitland has now decided to dispose of her to a ship-breaker. Our photograph shows him surrounded by some of his salvaged possessions.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

JUDGES AND THEIR SALARIES. By CYRIL FALLS.

IT would be too much to assert that a storm has arisen over the question of increasing the emoluments of the senior judges. At least, however, a fresh and sharp wind has been blowing. The proposal put forward in the Judges' Remuneration Bill was to pay the High Court Judges an annual allowance of £1,000, not subject to income tax. In consequence of strong objections made on both sides of the House of Commons, and by a large body of public opinion, the Government decided to postpone the introduction of the Bill until after Easter. Meanwhile there will be consultations about the terms, though it cannot be taken for granted that they will be altered. The majority of people probably agree that there should be an increase in some form. The proposals in the Bill, however, infringe a principle on which the Treasury has been firm in the past, that no part of salaries or earnings should be freed from income tax. The Treasury took care that this did not occur in the case of officers of the armed forces. The one exception concerned a single individual. The Labour Government made a special case of the Prime Minister. Even this was unwelcome to many purists.

The experts have calculated that the privilege granted to Mr. Attlee and his successors is the equivalent of about £80,000 a year, and I believe a good deal more if housing is taken into account. If I remember aright, Mr. Dalton at the time warned "every Tom, Dick and Harry" that they need not hope to be treated in the same way. Now we learn that this extra thousand a year would be the equivalent of paying a High Court Judge £10,000, the Lord Chief Justice £30,000, or thereabouts, and the Lord Chancellor more than £40,000. The High Court Judges can certainly not be classified under the heading of Tom, Dick and Harry. They occupy, and rightly so, a special position. At the same time, every exception to a rule makes it less binding in the future.

Judges' salaries were in the past made generous not merely to give them an honourable position, but also to remove them from any risk of temptation. A High Court Judge a century ago, when his salary was what it is to-day, lived in a fine London house and kept a carriage. He might also have a house in the country. He was a personage out of Court as well as in it. To-day he is one of the very few people remunerated at the same rate as then. The value of his salary, without even taking income tax and surtax into account, is perhaps one-fourth of what it was in those days. It is manifestly right and proper that his position should be improved. When the question is tackled, however, it is found difficult to do anything for him without playing financial tricks. The obvious thing to do would be to pay him such a salary as would, after deduction of income tax and surtax, leave him to the extent of a thousand a year better off than he was before. Why is this obvious and honest path not followed? The answer is that what is obviously reasonable and financially honest is not always found to be politically expedient.

It would, from the political point of view, appear somewhat absurd, say the managers, to pay salaries of between £10,000 and £40,000 a year. It might cause laughter, as well as thunder, on the left. What is really ridiculous is not the proposal, but the state of affairs which makes it impossible to pay a better—though by former standards still very modest—salary, without going to these extravagant heights on paper. From the standpoint of the national finances there is, of course, no difference. The suggestion has been made that by giving the High Court Judges an extra thousand a year after all deductions, the public would be shown how preposterous the system of taxation had become. Perhaps, however, no Government is likely to be in a hurry to do this. Besides, the public may not be as well educated as all that. A large proportion of it would cry out about £40,000 a year, and political prejudice would be created. The other way would look better, especially as a large proportion of the public would not understand that either.

A proportion of the electorate and of the representatives whom it elects believe that the present rate of taxation is desirable. Probably a very much larger proportion, whatever its politics, would like to see it decreased. Some decrease may be possible; in fact, without it our prospect of survival as a great trading nation must be dim. Yet every step taken by the present Chancellor of the Exchequer in the direction of economy has been opposed. Economies have been achieved in defence, health services, education, food subsidies, administration and in other directions. On almost every occasion they have been made in the face of protests. Each section of the community, either from personal interests or because its particular ideals are threatened, asserts that economy in general is a good thing, but that it should not be allowed to touch what is essential to the life and well-being or the prestige or the treasures and beauty of the nation. For the sake of a mere million, say the objectors, a million which could be saved in fifty other ways, the Chancellor is doing irreparable harm to such-and-such a service. Had Mr. Butler not been a determined man, he would not have been able to do as much as he has in damming the fast-flowing stream of expenditure.

It is said that the present situation has been brought about by the demands of defence, which represents a very large proportion of the national expenditure. No one can deny that this is a very heavy burden. Yet it is by no means the sole cause of the trouble. Another has been the refusal to recognise that the war grievously impoverished the nation, coupled with gross miscalculation of the cost of the social schemes which were initiated immediately after the war. It would have been easy enough to start on more modest lines, putting off further expansion to better times; it is a very different matter to retrench after the schemes have been set going on extravagant lines. Here kindness may prove to be cruelty in the long run because it will hurt more to cut accustomed benefits and subsidies than it would have to limit them originally to the capacity of the country to afford them. The best economists believe that there exists a grave risk of increased unemployment and decreased trade if this country should attempt to maintain taxation at its present level. Already there is evidence that our manufacturing equipment is not being modernised to the extent that it should.

The matter of the salaries of the judiciary is important in itself. They represent a system of which we have a right to be proud, which we believe to be the best in the world, and which we should not allow to deteriorate. Taking a broader view, however, we may regard it as an arresting example, a warning signal, a sign of what we are heading for. The farcical position has been reached in which it is, apparently, no longer possible for the State to reward its most distinguished servants—because it takes away with one hand nearly all that it gives with the other—unless it indulges in a kind of financial juggling. It has been estimated, though the percentage is of course largely guess-work, that 25 per cent. of the time of the directors of businesses is to-day occupied with consideration of the effects of taxation. British business was built upon a spirit of adventure, which risked losses for the sake of substantial gains. Nowadays the losses, as in the past, fall upon those who take the risks, but the gains are for the most part taken away, sometimes without leaving enough to provide for the expansion of the business or even for its proper maintenance.

A judge is in some respects better placed than most others who enjoy comparable incomes, because he is entitled to a pension which in relation to his salary must be considered generous. The worst off is generally the man who does not possess a goodwill which he can dispose of in old age and has to provide for that old age out of savings. And many men on the point of retirement in this generation are better off than their sons are likely to be when their time comes because they accumulated in easier days resources which it is hardly possible to set aside now. I am no pessimist by nature and I have no love for the rôle of Cassandra, but I cannot avoid the feeling that in this matter we are dissipating our reserves, sapping our own strength, and possibly laying up for ourselves trouble in the future even more serious than that which we are facing in the present. If I am wrong, I err in company with some of the best-instructed opinion in the country. I need not add that I should be happy if it proved that I had erred.

HUNTING WITH A CAMERA.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THE "Animal Heaven" of Mr. Scobie is British East Africa, and particularly the game reserves therein: though he does glance occasionally at excursions into Transvaal, Rhodesian and Portuguese territories. His title may sound a little ethereal: a grimmer man in those regions might have called his book, with an eye mainly on the vegetable jungle, "Green Hell"; and a more old-fashioned man might (after having behaved in a more old-fashioned way) have been content, like so many of his compeers, with "With Rod and Gun in Many Lands," his appendices giving lists of creatures slaughtered—so many quongos, so many bopals, and the last greater spotted vortrix ever recorded by man. Times have changed. I stayed long ago with a man who, when young, extremely pecunious and thoughtless, had spent some time on safari, on foot, with porters, and had been frequently in danger from lion or buffalo. Later in life he had taken to growing flowers. As, after dinner, we idly prowled around the billiard-table, we were surrounded by masks, huge and scowling or tiny and wistful, of every shootable African beast, from the massive, yawning hippopotamus to the little, delicate, thread-horned dik-dik. He looked at them one evening, during a pause: "I wish I had never killed 'em," said he. Had he been young now, he would have been equally interested in the wild things; but he would have been off with a camera, and sat on the Committee for the Preservation of the Empire's Fauna.

We needn't be superior about it. Time was when "*ex Africa semper aliquid novi*" still dominated men's thoughts; and if "something new" came along, you shot it (or virtuously "collected" it for a museum), and there were "plenty more where that came from." Risk also was run: if a man got a lion or a buffalo, one knew that the lion or the buffalo might equally well have got him. But the roads and the railways opened the country up; shooting from motor-cars with dazzling searchlights became possible; in parts of Africa the game was exterminated or driven off as vermin (a term man always uses for any competitors for his food), and in Mr. Scobie's favourite tracts, the ivory-hunters and the head-hunters so decimated the herds that two official steps had to be taken. National Parks and Game Reserves were started; and the shooting of big game had to be done under licence, each man's licence entitling him to kill only so many of certain kinds of beast. Simultaneously it dawned upon the more imaginative sort of white man's mind that the world would be a poorer place for man were he by stages to reduce the various species of sizeable mammals until there would be nothing left but himself and the creatures he has domesticated for his use. The result is that if one reads a new book about Africa now, it is as likely as not that the traveller will have used a camera rather than the gun, and quite on the cards that lions, zebras and antelopes will appear rather as highly co-operative film-stars than as perils or victims. The reserves in particular are "heaven" both for the animals and for the photographers: the wardens, though experienced hunters, develop into expert students of natural history; and the beasts they shoot are convicted man-eaters or goat-eaters, the wounded and the debilitated.

Mr. Scobie is an unpretentious writer; and, if he occasionally lapses into journalese, it is understandable in one who has been involved with the Press and the films. He has many exciting stalks to record, and he draws interesting portraits of many people, wardens, planters, and blacks whom he met in his travels. One of his oddest and most amusing encounters was with a young crooner who, by chance, had won a "consequences" prize on an American radio show. The first Mr. Scobie heard of him was from a famous white hunter. "The whole thing is pleasantly crazy," Mark said. "We don't know who the client is, or what he's like. All we do know is this: He's arriving by air at Banagi in two days' time, he has to shoot a lion inside a week, fly back to Nairobi, and connect with a plane for the United States. I've been on some unusual safaris in my time, but this one takes all the prizes!" When the young man's aeroplane landed on an improvised airstrip at Banagi a sigh of relief was breathed as he stepped out. There appeared "a young man, twenty-four or twenty-five, dressed in an old terai, rubber sneakers and a denim outfit with the words 'U.S. Marine Corps' on the pocket. He was as thin as a thin rail, pale and long-haired. We told him later he looked rather like our private idea of Dan'l Boon." He "looked as though he ought to be able to shoot a lion. He was." He "usually shot like a dream." He settled down very rapidly. "He was a little dazed to find himself out on the Serengeti Plain with a ring of buck and two curious Englishmen staring at him. We whipped him into the hunting car and drove him to the camp, and sitting with a long gin and lime, iced, in his hand, he said, 'Is this roughing it? Brother, I would never know!'"

Paul Harvey was his name. He got his lion, two, in fact—"stalked and killed on the ground." He had to shoot the second because he went for him after he had shot the first. That was enough for him. "I didn't want those two lions," he said, "I only reckoned to shoot one. Well, I've shot two. And I feel pretty mean about it." He nodded to the gun. "From now on," he said, "I'm doing my shooting with my movie-camera. I won't want that again." And I suddenly liked him very much indeed. So does the reader like him. It is sad to think that he may have gone back to his crooning, which is too violently antithetical to the stalking of the King of Beasts. Couldn't he split the difference by making a really serious entry for the Amateur Golf Championship?

I conceive that Mr. Scobie's book was finished before the recent troubles in Kenya; as I write, the Mau-Mau men, with a massacre of men, women and children, have shown that they can behave just as vilely as the Germans at Oradour. He had hopes of meeting Jomo Kenyatta, whose name, *sub judice*, has been much in the news. "But he wasn't around and we never met." "He was," says Mr. Scobie, "the *bête noire* of British administration for a time, until it was somehow discovered that, like most bulls who inhabit china-shops, he was something of a Ferdinand. Jomo is a sort of mystical communist, an 'intellectual,' a man whose very name makes the Older Settlers' hair rise. And I was surprised to find the men on the spot almost proud of Jomo. He was the local radical, he has a famous school which teaches, so it is said, politics with its other subjects. 'Oh, you must meet Jomo, he's a great character.'" But let it not be supposed from this that Mr. Scobie, sympathetic as he is with African aspirations, believes that thousands of years of evolution, custom and tradition can be jumped in a lifetime.

He gives, incidentally, a fascinating account of the "Treetops Hotel," which came so sadly into the news last year, and where the visitors have unique chances of watching elephants and other wild things which deem themselves unobserved.

"My experiences with rhino and elephant at close quarters have usually been in game reserves where the animals have got used to man to some extent. The whole beauty of Treetops is that the animals are very shy and very wild. Unlike the brazen lions of the Serengeti or the blasé elephants of the Kruger Park or Tsavo, these forest beasts do not know they are under observation and therefore their actions are perfectly natural. A fig tree is just a fig tree to them, a salt lick is a salt lick and a gift from God, and the very idea that, thirty feet above them, men sat with baited breath and loaded cameras would send them fleeing in panic."

Did Mr. Scobie spell that word "baited" on purpose? It goes well with the "loaded." The animals, happily, had no more to fear from the breath than from the cameras.

* "Animal Heaven." By Alastair Scobie. Sixty-one Half-tone Illustrations and two Maps. (Cassell; 25s.)



FOLLOWING THE GUN-CARRIAGE BEARING THE COFFIN OF QUEEN MARY : THE FOUR ROYAL DUKES—T.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, THE DUKE OF WINDSOR, THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AND THE DUKE OF KENT (L. TO R.).

The four Royal Dukes walked immediately behind the gun-carriage bearing the coffin of her late Majesty Queen Mary in the procession from Marlborough House to Westminster Hall on March 29 for the Lying-in-State. When four persons march abreast in a procession, the order of precedence is middle right, middle left, outside right, outside left. Thus the order of precedence was the Duke of Windsor, the Duke of Gloucester, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Duke of Kent.

The Duke of Windsor, as eldest son of her late Majesty, was on this occasion given precedence; and the Duke of Gloucester, as second surviving son, took precedence over the Duke of Edinburgh, grandson-in-law. At the funeral of King George VI., when the Duke of Edinburgh had not yet been given precedence immediately after the Queen, the order in which their Royal Highnesses marched was different. The Duke of Gloucester then had precedence and walked second from the right.



BORNE FROM THE QUEEN'S CHAPEL, MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, BY A BEARER PARTY OF THE QUEEN'S COMPANY, THE GRENADIER GUARDS: THE COFFIN OF HER LATE MAJESTY QUEEN MARY ABOUT TO BE PLACED ON THE GUN-CARRIAGE OF THE KING'S TROOP, ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY.



THE END OF THE FUNERAL PROCESSION FROM MARLBOROUGH HOUSE TO WESTMINSTER: THE COFFIN, COVERED WITH HER LATE MAJESTY'S PERSONAL STANDARD, BEING CARRIED TOWARDS THE ENTRANCE OF WESTMINSTER HALL, WHERE IT WAS RECEIVED BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

LEAVING MARLBOROUGH HOUSE AND BORNE INTO WESTMINSTER HALL FOR THE LYING-IN-STATE: QUEEN MARY'S COFFIN.

As the bearer party of the Queen's Company, The Grenadier Guards, bore the coffin of her late Majesty Queen Mary from the Queen's Chapel at Marlborough House, and placed it on the gun-carriage, the report of the first minute gun in Hyde Park and the sound of drums were heard, and the procession moved off to solemn funeral music. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Great

Chamberlain, the Minister of Works and Black Rod received the coffin at Westminster Hall, in which Members of both Houses were assembled on the west and east sides respectively. The Queen and the other Royal mourners waited beside the north door, and after the coffin had been placed on the catafalque a short and beautiful service was conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury.



LONDONERS GATHER IN THEIR THOUSANDS TO PAY A TRIBUTE OF LOVING RESPECT TO QUEEN MARY: THE SCENE IN THE MALL, SHOWING CROWDS MASSSED ON THE STANDS AND IN THE ROADWAY AS THE GUN-CARRIAGE BEARING THE COFFIN TURNS TOWARDS HORSE GUARDS PARADE.



THE START OF THE FUNERAL CORTÈGE FROM MARLBOROUGH HOUSE: THE COFFIN ON THE GUN-CARRIAGE OF THE KING'S TROOP, ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY, WHICH WAS PRECEDED BY TWO OF HER LATE MAJESTY'S FOOTMEN, HER STEWARD AND TWO OF HER PAGES, AND FOLLOWED BY THE ROYAL DUKES, PASSING THE QUEEN ALEXANDRA MEMORIAL (RIGHT).

WATCHED BY SAD AND SILENT CROWDS: QUEEN MARY'S FUNERAL PROCESSION LEAVING HER HOME; AND IN THE MALL.

Sunday, March 29, was a day of mourning in London. Huge, silent crowds assembled all the way along the route taken by the funeral procession of her late Majesty Queen Mary from Marlborough House to Westminster Hall. Permission had been given for members of the public to use the stands put up for the Coronation along the Mall; and they were occupied by those who had come to take a last farewell of the young Sovereign's beloved grandmother. Men and

women stood in serried ranks behind the troops who lined the roadway; and the terraces of Carlton House Terrace were filled with spectators. A sad group stood bareheaded in the garden of Marlborough House as the procession passed the wall opposite to Friary Court, St. James's Palace. The gun-carriage which bore the coffin was preceded by two of her late Majesty's footmen, her steward and two of her pages; while, immediately after it, walked the Royal Dukes.



PASSING DOWN WHITEHALL ON ITS WAY TO WESTMINSTER FOR THE LYING-IN-STATE: THE

Large crowds of sorrowing Londoners assembled along the route of the last
proccasional journey of her late Majesty Queen Mary through the streets of the
capital on the afternoon of Sunday, March 29, to pay their tribute of respect as her
coffin was borne on a gun-carriage of The King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery,
from her home, Marlborough House, to Westminster Hall for the lying-in-state.
A single wreath—that of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh—bearing the words
"From her devoted Lilibet and Philip" surmounted the coffin, which was
covered by her late Majesty's personal standard. A bearer-party marched beside

the gun-carriage, which was flanked by the pall-bearers, who included repre-
sentatives of regiments of which Queen Mary was Colonel-in-Chief. They were
Major-General Lord Burham, Hon. Colonel 299 (The Royal Buckinghamshire
Yeomanry and The Queen's Own Oxfordshire Hussars) Field Regiment, R.A.,
T.A.; General Sir George Giffard, Colonel of The Queen's Royal Regiment (West
Surrey), and Major-General C. H. Miller, Colonel of The 13/18th Royal Hussars
(Queen Mary's Own), who are walking on the far side of the gun-carriage; and, on
the near side, Lieut.-Colonel J. N. Gordon, The Queen's Own Rifles of Canada,



FUNERAL PROCESSION OF QUEEN MARY, WITH THE COFFIN BORNE ON A GUN-CARRIAGE.

Admiral Sir William Tennant, Hon. Colonel The Queen's Own Worcestershire
Hussars, R.A.C., T.A., and Major R. B. Penfold, Royal Artillery. Immediately
behind the gun-carriage walked the Royal Dukes, the Duke of Edinburgh, the
Duke of Windsor, the Duke of Gloucester and the Duke of Kent, with Prince
George of Denmark following them. Then came members and relatives of the
Royal family, including the Earl of Harewood and the Hon. Gerald Lascelles (the
sons of the Princess Royal), Sir Alexander Ramsay, the Marquess of Cambridge,
the Marquess of Milford Haven, and the Duke of Beaufort, as well as Queen Mary's

Comptroller of the Household, Lord Claud Hamilton; and her physicians, Lord
Webb-Johnson and Sir Horace Evans; and the First Sea Lord and Chief of the Naval
Staff, Admiral Sir Rhoderick McGrigor; the Adjutant-General to the Forces,
General Sir John Crocker; and Air Marshal Sir John Whitworth Jones. Repre-
sentative detachments of Queen Mary's Regiments and nursing services, with a
Company of the Brigade of Guards as rear party, formed the end of the procession.
It proceeded down the Mall, where stands put up for the Coronation were used, passed
across Horse Guards Parade and turned into Whitehall on the way to Westminster.

IN all, 119,959 persons passed through Westminster Hall to pay their last respects to Queen Mary. The Hall was opened to the public shortly after 4 p.m. on Sunday, March 29, when there was waiting a queue of some 6000, most of whom had already seen the funeral procession from Marlborough House to Westminster Hall. All night long mourners, in varying numbers, passed through the building, which was closed at 6 a.m. on Monday morning for the cleaners.

(Continued opposite.)

(Continued.)

It was due to open again at 8 a.m., but as at 7.15 there was already a considerable queue, rain was falling, and since the cleaners had finished work, the police, on the representations of a clergyman, allowed the mourners to enter at about that time. Throughout Monday, March 30, the mourners still came and by midnight 116,371 had passed through. Westminster Hall was finally closed at 3 a.m. on Tuesday, March 31, and the final number of mourners was given as 119,959.



A PEOPLE'S MOURNING: SOME OF THE 119,959 PERSONS WHO PASSED THROUGH WESTMINSTER HALL FOR QUEEN MARY'S LYING-IN-STATE. (ABOVE) PART OF THE QUEUE STRETCHING ALONG MILLBANK FROM THE VICTORIA TOWER; AND (BELOW) THE END OF THE QUEUE, NEAR THE TATE GALLERY, WITH LAMBETH BRIDGE LYING TO THE LEFT.

WAITING TO PAY THEIR LAST RESPECTS TO A MUCH-LOVED ROYAL LADY: THE QUEUES FOR QUEEN MARY'S LYING-IN-STATE.



AWAITING A NATION'S LAST LOVING HOMAGE : QUEEN MARY'S LYING-IN-STATE IN WESTMINSTER HALL.

After the brief service following the procession from Marlborough House, Westminster Hall was prepared for the Lying-in-State of the great Queen and well-loved Royal lady. The coffin was set on a catafalque on a stepped dais and draped with the lovely Alexandra Pall. Queen Mary's standard was set at the foot of the coffin on the dais; and on the head of the coffin was placed the Queen's wreath of lilies, lilies-of-the-valley, freesias, golden roses and white carnations,

bearing the card "In loving memory from her devoted Lilibet and Philip." On the dais were two other wreaths, one from the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret, the other from the Duke of Windsor, the Princess Royal, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and the Duchess of Kent. Beside the catafalque stood six candlesticks with tall, red candles, and at the corners of the dais the Gentlemen-at-Arms and the Yeomen of the Guard kept their watch and ward.



THE LAST TRIBUTE: SUNDAY EVENING AT WESTMINSTER HALL, AS THOUSANDS OF ALL RANKS, AGES, CONDITIONS AND RACES FILED PAST THE BIER TO PAY THEIR LAST RESPECTS TO QUEEN MARY.

On such an occasion as this, the solemn splendour of Westminster Hall is warmed with reverence, mourning and love and with a kind of homely pagantry, as thousands of Londoners and those in London at the time came to pay their last tribute to one they had loved and admired for so long. Observers in the Hall have said that these mourners seemed to vary from hour to hour. At first on the Sunday, they included many who had watched the procession, many elderly people and many children, some of whom dropped a posey as they passed the

catafalque. Later, nuns, nurses and soldiers in uniform seemed to catch the eye; then night workers as the hours drew on; and finally, on the Monday, office workers, many with brief-cases, who took time from their work or travelled by early or late trains to pass through Westminster Hall. When the television cameras were at work or photographs were being taken, the lights were turned on, but in general the only light was that coming from the windows and the flickering flames of the six tall red candles. The scene was grey and dim, except

for the silvery splendour of the Alexandra Pall over the coffin, the white and yellow of the Queen's wreath and the scarlet of the uniforms of the Gentlemen-at-Arms and the Yeomen of the Guard as they stood on watch or passed silently through the Hall, coming on duty or leaving it on relief. On the Monday the Duke of Windsor, the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Royal visited the Hall and spent half an hour there in silent meditation before their mother's coffin; and with them were the Duchess of Gloucester and the Earl and Countess of Harewood.

Later came the Hon. Gerald Lascelles and his wife; and during the evening other visitors included Prince and Princess Louis of Hesse, the Crown Prince of Luxemburg, ex-King Umberto of Italy and Cardinal Griffin. Earlier in the day Queen Frederika of Greece had paid her visit to the Hall, as had many members of the Diplomatic Corps. The Hall was finally closed to the public at 3 a.m. on the morning of March 31; and shortly after, Queen Mary's coffin was taken by motor hearse to Windsor Castle for the funeral service in St. George's Chapel.

DRAWN IN WESTMINSTER HALL BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRIGNAU.



THE FUNERAL SERVICE FOR QUEEN MARY IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR: A VIEW SHOWING THE COFFIN ON THE CATAFALQUE, WITH THE ROYAL DUKES STANDING AT THE HEAD AND OTHER ROYAL MOURNERS.

The funeral of Queen Mary took place in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on March 31, the simple service being conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The coffin, draped in the folds of the late Queen's banner, was borne from the Albert Memorial Chapel where, since the early hours of the morning, it had been guarded by the Military Knights of Windsor, on the shoulders of Guardsmen of the Queen's Company, Grenadier Guards, and placed on the catafalque. The Queen, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Princess Royal

and other Royal ladies had already taken their places in the Choir stalls, and now the Duke of Kent, the Duke of Gloucester, the Earl of Athlone (Queen Mary's brother), the Duke of Windsor and the Duke of Edinburgh placed themselves at the head of the coffin, and the Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Scarbrough, holding his white wand of office, stood at the foot. Members of Queen Mary's Household, bearing the insignia of her Orders on dark-blue velvet cushions, stationed themselves a little below the Altar (left).



"EARTH TO EARTH, ASHES TO ASHES, DUST TO DUST": A POIGNANT MOMENT IN THE BURIAL SERVICE FOR QUEEN MARY WHEN OUR YOUNG QUEEN (RIGHT) SPRINKLED EARTH FROM FROGMORE ON THE COFFIN OF HER BELOVED GRANDMOTHER.

For the second time in just over a year her Majesty the Queen had the sad duty of performing one of the last rites of the funeral service at the burial of Queen Mary in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on March 31. Queen Mary's favourite hymn, "Abide With Me," had been sung and the Archbishop of Canterbury had begun the sentences of the Committal, when her Majesty took a small silver bowl, containing earth from Frogmore, from Lieut.-Colonel Sir Terence Nugent, Comptroller, Lord Chamberlain's office, and stood alone, beside the catafalque which

was silently lowered into the vault below. At the words, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," the Queen three times took earth from the bowl and sprinkled it on the coffin, which remained wrapped in Queen Mary's banner and still bore the solitary wreath of flowers inscribed "In loving memory from her devoted Lilibet and Philip." Then followed the closing prayers of the burial service and Garter King of Arms, standing at the head of the grave, proclaimed the style and titles of the High and Mighty Princess Mary, Queen Dowager.



STANDING WITH HEAD BOWED ABOVE THE VOID IN THE CHOIR PAVING AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE FUNERAL SERVICE: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF WINDSOR, QUEEN MARY'S ELDEST SON, TAKES HIS LAST FAREWELL OF A BELOVED MOTHER IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.



WHERE QUEEN MARY'S COFFIN WILL REST UNTIL SHE IS PLACED AT THE SIDE OF HER HUSBAND, KING GEORGE V., IN THE TOMB IN THE SECOND WESTERNMOST BAY ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE NAVE IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL: THE ROYAL TOMB HOUSE, UNDER THE ALBERT MEMORIAL CHAPEL.

THE DUKE OF WINDSOR'S FAREWELL AND QUEEN MARY'S TEMPORARY RESTING-PLACE IN THE ROYAL TOMB HOUSE.

At the conclusion of the burial service in St. George's Chapel, the Royal mourners took their last farewell of Queen Mary by standing for a few moments by the void in the Choir paving where the catafalque had been placed. The Royal ladies curtsied and were followed by the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Windsor. The latter stood for some seconds with his head bowed, then stood to attention before passing out of the Sanctuary. Queen Mary's

coffin will rest in the Royal Tomb House, under the Albert Memorial Chapel, which has been seen by few except members of the Royal family. Our drawing is reproduced from *The Illustrated London News* of February 23, 1952. Later the coffin will be removed and placed beside that of King George V. in the tomb in St. George's Chapel. The effigy of Queen Mary was made by Sir William Reid Dick at the same time as that of her husband.



"IN COMMEMORATION OF HER LATE MAJESTY QUEEN MARY": THE SERVICE IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON, ON THE DAY OF THE FUNERAL AT WINDSOR. AT THE RAILINGS OF THE CHOIR STAND A DETACHMENT OF YEOMEN WARDERS FROM THE TOWER OF LONDON.



THE PEOPLE OF LONDON PAY TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF A BELOVED QUEEN: PART OF THE VAST CONGREGATION WHICH TOOK PART IN THE SERVICE IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL. THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON AND OFFICERS OF THE CITY CORPORATION ATTENDED.

LONDON'S MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR QUEEN MARY: SCENES IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, WHERE OVER FOUR THOUSAND MOURNERS, LED BY THE LORD MAYOR, PAID TRIBUTE TO A GREATLY-LOVED QUEEN.

The Lord Mayor of London, with the Sheriffs and Aldermen, and accompanied by the officers of the City Corporation, was present in St. Paul's Cathedral on March 31 for the service "in commemoration of her late Majesty Queen Mary." The chairman and other members of the London County Council, together with the Mayors of London boroughs and other representatives of local government in London, were among the congregation of over

4,000 people which thronged the Cathedral. Twelve Yeomen Warders from the Tower of London, resplendent in their Tudor uniforms, stood at the railings of the Choir. By far the larger part of the congregation was composed of the ordinary people of London who wanted to pay tribute to the greatly-loved Queen. Memorial services were held in other parts of London, and also at many places in Britain and all over the world.



FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC: A WREATH BEARING A TRICOLOUR RIBBON.



A WREATH FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA AND MRS. EISENHOWER.



FROM THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN OF SWEDEN: A WREATH OF LAUREL, LILIES AND SPRING FLOWERS.



FROM THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF JAPAN: A WREATH OF MASSED TULIPS AND OTHER FLOWERS.



FROM KING BAUDOUIN OF THE BELGIANS: A WREATH OF LILIES, TULIPS AND OTHER FLOWERS.



FROM THE PRIME MINISTER OF EGYPT, GENERAL MOHAMED NEGUIB: A TRIBUTE OF LAUREL AND FLOWERS.



FROM THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS ACCREDITED TO THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S: A LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL WREATH.



FROM HER LOVING GRANDCHILDREN: GEORGE AND MARION; GERALD AND ANGELA; WILLIAM AND RICHARD; EDDIE, ALEXANDRA AND MICHAEL.



FROM THE MAYOR AND CORPORATION OF SWANSEA: THE ARMS OF THE BOROUGH IN FLOWERS.

IN MEMORIAM: OFFICIAL AND PRIVATE TRIBUTES IN FLOWERS TO QUEEN MARY FROM MANY PARTS OF THE WORLD.

Among the many hundreds of wreaths sent to Windsor in remembrance of Queen Mary were tributes from France, the United States, Egypt, Japan, and other parts of the world. In addition to the more formal wreaths there were small bunches of flowers picked by children and others to mark their love for Queen

Mary and their sorrow at her death. The cards bearing the names of the senders and the differently-worded messages, many in terms of deep affection, indicated the wide contacts which Queen Mary maintained throughout her long life with people from all classes of society.



FROM LLOYD'S: A WREATH BEARING THEIR ARMS
DEPICTED IN THOUSANDS OF FLOWER-HEADS.



FROM THE SERVICES, THE BOY SCOUTS AND OTHERS: WREATHS ON THE LAWNS AT WINDSOR;
A GROUP WHICH INCLUDES TRIBUTES FROM THE BRITISH LEGION AND THE OLD CONTEMPTIBLES.

WREATHS from every country in the Commonwealth, from many foreign countries as well as from almost every town and numerous villages throughout Britain, were sent to Windsor as expressions of the love and esteem so universally felt for Queen Mary. These wreaths were laid on the grass lawns near the south side of St. George's Chapel and against the Chapel wall, spread out like a splendid carpet. Windsor Castle was closed on March 31, the day of the funeral, but was reopened again on April 1, when, despite bad weather, large numbers of the public went to see the wreaths.



(RIGHT.) SPREAD LIKE A
SPLENDID CARPET ON THE
LAWNS NEAR ST. GEORGE'S
CHAPEL, WINDSOR: SOME OF
THE MANY WREATHS SENT
FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD.



"WITH OUR SINCERE SYMPATHY": A WREATH OF CARNATIONS, IRISES, DAFFODILS,
TULIPS AND OTHER FLOWERS FROM THE STAFF AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.



FROM THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK: A LARGE WREATH BEARING SILKEN
RIBBONS. PRINCE GEORG REPRESENTED DENMARK AT THE FUNERAL.

AFFECTIONATE MEMORIES EXPRESSED IN FLOWERS: TRIBUTES TO QUEEN MARY ON THE CASTLE LAWNS AT WINDSOR.

ROYAL MOURNERS: THE ROYAL FAMILY, AND VISITORS FROM ABROAD.



GREETED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT NORTHOLT:
KING BAUDOUIN OF BELGIUM.



IN ENGLAND TO ATTEND QUEEN MARY'S FUNERAL:
QUEEN FREDERIKA OF GREECE.



GREETED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT NORTHOLT:
QUEEN JULIANA OF THE NETHERLANDS.



LEAVING WESTMINSTER HALL AFTER THE SHORT SERVICE THERE ON SUNDAY,
MARCH 29: H.M. THE
QUEEN AND THE DUKE
OF EDINBURGH.



LEAVING BUCKINGHAM PALACE FOR WESTMINSTER HALL ON MARCH 29: QUEEN
ELIZABETH THE QUEEN
MOTHER AND PRINCESS
MARGARET.



IN ENGLAND FOR QUEEN MARY'S FUNERAL:
EX-KING UMBERTO OF ITALY.



ARRIVING IN LONDON ON MARCH 30: PRINCE FELIX
OF LUXEMBURG, WHO ATTENDED THE FUNERAL.



WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT LONDON
AIRPORT: CROWN PRINCE OLAV OF NORWAY.

Three foreign sovereigns, Queen Juliana of the Netherlands, King Baudouin of the Belgians and King Hussein of Jordan, were among the distinguished mourners who attended the funeral of her late Majesty Queen Mary. The other Royal mourners from abroad included the Queen of the Hellenes; Prince Bertil of Sweden; Prince Chula of Siam; Prince Felix of Luxembourg; Prince Georg of Denmark; Prince Louis of Hesse; the Prince and Princess of Hanover; the Duke

and Duchess of Brunswick and ex-Prince Nicholas of Yugoslavia. On March 30 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh went into residence at Windsor Castle, where they were joined by some of the Royal visitors from abroad. King Haakon of Norway, one of Queen Mary's closest and oldest friends, did not attend the funeral, partly because of his age—he is eighty—and partly because he had just finished a State visit to Stockholm. He was represented by his son, Crown Prince Olav.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK:
PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



GEN. SIR BRIAN ROBERTSON.
Appointed Adjutant-General to the Forces with effect from the summer. General Sir Brian Robertson, Bart., born in 1896, has been C-in-C. Middle East Land Forces since 1950. The son of F.M. Sir William Robertson, he served with great distinction in both World Wars.



LEADING MEMBERS OF THE CONTROLLING BODY OF THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA: A GROUP TAKEN DURING THE TWENTY-SECOND SESSION OF THE CENTRAL PEOPLE'S GOVERNMENT.
Our group shows, from l. to r., Secretary-General Lin Pai-chu, Vice-Chairmen Kao Kang and Soong Ching Ling; Chairman Mao Tse-tung; Vice-Chairmen Liu Shao-chi, Chu Teh, Li Chi-shen, Chang Lan and (standing) Teng Hsiao-ping. Mao Tse-tung is Chairman of the Central People's Government Council and of the People's Revolutionary Military Council. Chu Teh is the Commander-in-Chief of the Army.



MR. CHOU EN-LAI.
The Chinese Prime Minister and Foreign Minister who, on March 30, broadcast an appeal for a resumption of the Korean truce negotiations in the name of the Chinese and North Korean Governments. He agreed to the handing over to a neutral State of those prisoners of war unwilling to be repatriated.



SIR ARTHUR SUTHERLAND.
Died on March 29, aged eighty-five. Sir Arthur Sutherland, a leading ship-owner, was associated with the civic and commercial life of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, of which he was Lord Mayor in 1918. He was President of the Chamber of Shipping of the U.K. in 1930. His public gifts must have amounted to £500,000.



ADDRESSING A SPECIAL SESSION OF THE SUPREME SOVIET ON MARCH 15: MR. MALENKOV, SUCCESSOR TO MARSHAL STALIN.
Mr. Malenkov's appointment as Chairman of the Council of Ministers and that of Marshal Voroshilov as President in place of Mr. Shvernik (now Leader of the Russian Trade Unions), were approved, with other Government changes, at a session of the Supreme Soviet. Mr. Yasov, Mayor of Moscow, who presided, is seated in the centre of the table behind the rostrum. At the central tables in background (right) are Mr. Khrushchev, Secretary-General, Communist Party; Mr. Beria, First Deputy Chairman and Internal Affairs; Mr. Molotov, First Deputy Chairman and Foreign Affairs; Marshal Bulganin, First Deputy Chairman and Defence; Marshal Voroshilov, Mr. Saburov, Mr. Shvernik, and (behind) Mr. Kaganovitch, First Deputy Chairman; and Mr. Mikoyan, Deputy Chairman and Trade (l. to r.).

DR. HERBERT DANBY.
Died on March 29, aged sixty-four. He had been Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University of Oxford since 1936, and also Canon of Christ Church. Since 1943 he had been Treasurer of Christ Church Cathedral. His translations into English included "The Sixty-three Tractates of the Mishnah."



PRINCESS JOSEPHINE CHARLOTTE OF BELGIUM AND PRINCE JEAN OF LUXEMBURG.
The marriage of Princess Josephine Charlotte of Belgium, sister of King Baudouin, to Prince Jean of Luxemburg, heir to the Grand Duchy, was fixed for April 9. Princess Margaret, who had arranged to attend, cancelled her visit, owing to Court mourning for Queen Mary.



WINNERS OF THE R.A.C. RALLY OF GREAT BRITAIN: MR. AND MRS. IAN APPLEYARD, SEEN WITH THE TROPHY.
Mr. and Mrs. Ian Appleyard won the R.A.C. Rally of Great Britain which ended at Hastings on March 29. Their victory was achieved in their XK 120 two-seater Jaguar. There were four classes for touring cars and two for sports cars. Mr. and Mrs. Appleyard have won more events of this kind in the past three or four years than any pair of competition drivers in Europe.



A HAPPY MEETING IN CAIRO: GENERAL NEGUIB WITH SHEIKH ABDULLAH AL-JABIR AS-SABAH OF KUWAIT.
Our photograph shows General Neguib, Prime Minister of Egypt, laughing and joking with Sheikh Abdullah al-Jabir as-Sabah—who is in charge of the departments of Education and Justice in Kuwait—during the latter's recent visit to Cairo. Kuwait is one of the major oil-producing countries.



THE END OF THE OLD RÉGIME IN THE SUDAN: THE LAST FULL MEETING OF THE SUDAN GOVERNMENT EXECUTIVE COUNCIL IN KHARTOUM.
Our photograph shows the last meeting of the Sudan Executive Council before the Self-Government Statute came into force on March 21. In the chair is the Governor-General, Sir Robert Howe, and seated at the table (l. to r.) El-Sayed Abd el-Maged Ahmed (Under-Secretary for Economics and Trade); El-Sayed Ibrahim Ahmed (Councillor without Portfolio); El-Ferik R. L. Scoones Pasha, Kaid el-Amm; Sir Charles Cumings (Legal Secretary); El-Sayed Abd el-Rahman Ali Taha (Minister of Education); El-Sayed Miralei Abdalla Bey Khalil (Minister of Agriculture); Sir James Robertson (Civil Secretary); El-Sayed Dr. Ali Badri (Minister of Health); Sir Louis Chick (Financial Secretary); R. C. Wakefield (Councillor without Portfolio); El-Sayed Mohammad Ahmad Abu Sinn; El-Sayed Abd el-Rahman Abdun (Under-Secretary for Irrigation). Standing is H. Colville Stewart (Secretary).



CHOOSING WORKS TO BE EXHIBITED IN THE CORONATION YEAR ROYAL ACADEMY FROM AMONG THE IMMENSE NUMBER SUBMITTED: THE SELECTION COMMITTEE IN SESSION.
Our group of the Selection Committee for the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition at work in Burlington House shows, from left to right, Mr. Humphrey Brooke (Secretary; seated at table), Mr. Siegfried Charoux, A.R.A., Mr. J. Cosmo Clark, A.R.A., Mr. Maurice Lambert, R.A., Mr. Charles Cundall, R.A., Mr. Algernon Newton, R.A., Sir Gerald Kelly, P.R.A., Mr. Henry Rushbury, R.A., Mr. Arnold Mason, R.A., Mr. John Nash, R.A., Mr. Steven Spurrier, R.A., and Mr. Charles Wheeler, R.A. (almost obscured).

TWO ARCHÆOLOGICAL FINDS FROM SKYE AND GERMANY, AND NEWS FROM AIR, SEA AND LAND.



THE OLYMPUS-POWERED CANBERRA WHICH PASSED THE "TRULY OLYMPIAN HEIGHT" OF 60,000 FT., AND SO EXCEEDED THE WORLD'S ALTITUDE RECORD OF 59,446 FT. It was announced on March 24 by the Bristol Aeroplane Co. that during high-altitude flights an English Electric Canberra bomber (Commander W. F. Gibb, pilot; Mr. F. M. Piper, observer), powered by two Bristol Olympus turbojets, had attained a height of over 60,000 ft. The official world record is 59,446 ft. (set up in 1948 by Group Captain Cunningham in a D.H. Vampire). In his telegram of congratulation Mr. Duncan Sandys referred to the aircraft's "truly Olympian heights."



U.S. JET AIRCRAFT—LOCKHEED T-33 TRAINERS—THE FIRST TO BE DELIVERED BY THE UNITED STATES TO YUGOSLAVIA, PARADED AT THE BATINICA AIRPORT, NEAR BELGRADE. On March 10 the U.S. Ambassador to Yugoslavia, Mr. C. V. Allen (shortly to be transferred to India), handed over at the Batinica Airport to the Yugoslav Defence Secretary, General Gosnjak, four Lockheed T-33 jet trainers, the first consignment of jet aircraft and other weapons to be delivered by the U.S. under the military aid agreement of November, 1951.



EXHIBITED AT THE ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS' EXHIBITION: A NEW TYPE OF SOIL-WARMING APPARATUS.

The Electrical Engineers' Exhibition, which closed at Earls Court on March 28, had as its theme simplicity and economy. A number of agricultural and horticultural uses were demonstrated by the Electrical Research Association, including new types of soil-warming apparatus for seed-boxes and tomato houses.



A FINE BRONZE SNAKE ARMLET OF A RARE TYPE RECENTLY FOUND IN A PEAT-BOG IN THE ISLE OF SKYE. PROBABLY ABOUT 2000 YEARS OLD, IT WEIGHS APPROXIMATELY 18½ OZS. This massive bronze armlet—a splendid example of Late Celtic art and the sixth only of its type to be found in Scotland, was found recently by a Skye crofter digging in a peat-bog. It consists of a single bar of bronze, about 33 ins. long, coiled into a torque, with an overall diameter of about 3 ins. The ends are stylised snakes' heads, which may have had glass or enamel eyes. The central coil has twenty-eight oval bosses separated by thin ellipses. Although heavy, it would only pass over a twelve-year-old child's hand, and it is suggested that it is a ceremonial object, rather than practical personal adornment.



AFTER HER MAIDEN VOYAGE FROM DIEPPE: THE NEW FRENCH CHANNEL STEAMER LISIEUX, AT NEWHAVEN.

On March 24 the new French cross-Channel steamer *Lisieux* (owned by the French National Railway Company and built at Le Havre by Les Forges et Chantiers de la Méditerranée) made its maiden voyage and was welcomed at Newhaven. It joins *Londres* and *Arromanches* in the Newhaven-Dieppe service, and can carry 1450 passengers.



(LEFT.) PIECING TOGETHER THE NUREMBERG GOLD HELMET, A BRONZE AGE RELIC FOUND IN FRANCONIA: AND (RIGHT) DR. RASCHKE, OF THE GERMAN NATIONAL MUSEUM, WITH THE TOP OF THE HELMET.

It is stated that these are the first photographs to be taken of the "Nuremberg Gold Helmet." This was found some time ago by a mason, Michael Doerner, when stubbing-out tree-trunks near the small Franconian village of Etzeldorf. It was made, probably about 3500 years ago, of thin gold-sheet, elaborately embossed, and is believed to be of religious significance. Its total weight is about 10½ ozs. (avoirdupois) and the gold is of 24 carats. The fragments, it is stated, are being assembled on a felt base at the German National Museum at Nuremberg, by the prehistorian, Dr. Raschke.



THE BURAIMI OASIS: SUBJECT OF A DISPUTE BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND SAUDI ARABIA, AND SCENE OF RECENT FRONTIER INCIDENTS.



ON THE WAY TO THE BURAIMI OASIS—THE CURRENT SUBJECT OF A DISPUTE BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND SAUDI ARABIA: A CONVOY BELONGING TO THE BRITISH OIL COMPANY MOVING ALONG A WADI CONNECTING BURAIMI AND THE COAST.



SHAIKH SAQR BIN SULTAN OF THE NAIM TRIBE OF OMAN, WHOSE HEADQUARTERS ARE IN ONE OF THE FORTS IN THE BURAIMI OASIS, PART OF WHICH HE OWNS.



PART OF THE BURAIMI OASIS, SHOWING DATE-PALMS AND A FORT BELONGING TO THE SHAIKH SAQR BIN SULTAN. IN THE FOREGROUND, RUINS OF A WAH-JABI FORT DISUSED SINCE 1869.



A FORT BELONGING TO THE SHAIKH OF ABU DHABI, WHO OWNS ABOUT THREE-QUARTERS OF THE BURAIMI OASIS. IN THE BACKGROUND RISES JEBEL HAFIT.



SOME OF THE DARK-RED SAND-DUNES WHICH LIE ACROSS THE ROUTE FROM THE ABU DHABI COAST TO THE BURAIMI OASIS AND MAKE MOTOR TRANSPORT SO DIFFICULT IN THE INTERIOR.

We show here some photographs of the Buraimi Oasis, concerning which a dispute has arisen between the Saudi Arabian and British Governments. Buraimi Oasis lies inland from the Persian Gulf, about half-way between Abu Dhabi and Muscat, roughly on the frontier of Trucial Oman. In August 1952, a Saudi Arabian official with a party of forty armed men occupied the oasis. The local Shaikhs protested to Britain, and Trucial Oman levies were sent to that part of the oasis (the greater part) which belongs to the Shaikh of Abu Dhabi (of Trucial Oman). When the

situation seemed to be getting out of hand, a "standstill" agreement was reached between Britain, Muscat and Saudi Arabia. Britain offered to refer the matter to arbitration, but Saudi Arabia preferred a plebiscite and later claimed that on March 9 British troops and armoured cars were concerned in incidents in the vicinity. In New York on March 11 Prince Faisal, who is leading the Saudi Arabian U.N. delegation, aired his Government's grievances to the Press, and denied that the Arabian claims had anything to do with the discovery of oil.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. BURGUNDY, SAUTERNES, AND A DRY GRAVES.

By FRANK DAVIS.

FOR desert island reading, for moments of depression after influenza, for sad awakenings after glorious evenings, for soothing nerves after suddenly catching sight of oneself in a shop window and realising that the bloom of youth has long since departed, I commend to you an old-fashioned wine list, where among noble names—lovely liquid labials, gurgling vowels, soft sibilants and final syllables like the popping of corks—luscious and absurd phrases are to be found which ravish the senses, all five of them; a "magisterial wine, full-bodied, of great character, etc., etc."

But enough of day-dreaming. Here are three pieces of furniture each of them typical of its time, each of them magisterial in the sense used by the wine-merchants (I presume that means masterly, or produced by a master of his craft); one of them appeared at Christie's a year ago, the other two this spring. They could well have been made within twenty years of one another, and, I think, are pretty good examples of the very wide range of style and taste which could exist side by side in two kingdoms which were in these matters fairly close together in spite of political rivalries. I will begin with the Burgundy (Fig. 1), full-bodied and full-blooded, a trifle heavy, no doubt, but with a rich bouquet—see the magnificent vase of flowers in the lower panel! (I regret the early Victorian pun—it slipped out before I could stop it)—to some palates rather too rich, but who are we to argue about the taste of our forbears? Whatever your personal opinion, it is worth examining in some detail. The main structure is mahogany, the inlay is of various woods. The elaborate design on the upper panel is a military trophy, a little spoilt, I venture to suggest, by the heavy drapery which overshadows it. This upper panel falls forward to make a writing-desk, with shelves and six small drawers, and there is a long drawer in the frieze. The lower part, on which is inlaid the vase of flowers, forms two doors which enclose two drawers. Ormolu plaques adorn the corners of the panels, of the apron mount beneath (I think you can distinguish on it a two-handled flaming vase) and of the canted corners. The sides are also inlaid and no less lavishly. The top, as is usual in such luxurious pieces, is covered with a slab of Brescian marble. Sad to think that marble

Paris as by a magnet, made their fortunes, and very often died in penury after the Revolution.

The roll-top desk of Fig. 2 is surely a Sauternes—suave and sweet. It can be dated somewhere in the 1760's perhaps, and though we take roll-top desks as very much for granted, somebody had to think of them first. The great and ingenious Oeben has the credit for this, for it was he who began the famous roll-top desk for Louis XV. which is one of the more astonishing treasures of the Louvre. It was nine years in the making. Oeben started it in 1760. At

kingwood a singularly beautiful wood; it came from South America early in the eighteenth century and is said to have been given its name out of compliment to Louis XV. It is rather like rosewood, and the combination of the two, as in this piece, is very pleasant—the sectional panels of kingwood veneers (which show up very well in the photograph) are placed in rosewood borders. In its quiet way this bureau is as luxurious as, if less flamboyant than, Fig. 1, for almost equal pains have been lavished upon details—the ormolu laurel-wreath handles, the curved knee-plaques and toes cast and chased with flower sprays, scrolls and foliage, the series of smooth curves by which the design is built up and their relationship to one another. Even if it was not a strictly utilitarian and practical piece of furniture, it would still be interesting as a shape—and indeed might well obtain a prize in a modern competition for abstract art; and then there would be a row because it would probably have to be given a name and that would be sure to offend someone, who would show his displeasure by smashing it up, a form of art criticism which I learn in my remote countryside is much in favour in the great metropolis.

And now for a little dry, very dry, Graves (Fig. 3)—too dry for some people, but interesting, I think, and worth a taste at least. This piece, which is one of a pair, clearly owes its style to Robert Adam, and it was certainly made in Dublin about the year 1792. These apparently simple Adamish pieces which depend wholly upon fine woods and precise marquetry, not upon carving or ormolu, can seem easy to make at a casual glance—that is, until you look closer and note the delicate balance of colour and form. This piece is composed of mahogany, rosewood, kingwood, satinwood and harewood (i.e., sycamore stained by oxide of iron to a greyish-green). The maker is thought to be William Moore, who appears in Dublin Directories as cabinet-maker from 1785-90, and as inlayer and cabinet-maker from 1791 to 1793. He had already advertised in 1782 as specialising in inlay, and referred to his "long experience at Messrs. Mayhew and Ince, London." This forms a link—if a hostile link—with Chippendale, for Ince and Mayhew (they are normally referred to this way round) were famous cabinet-makers in their day and were clearly annoyed with Chippendale when that ingenious business-man stole a march upon his rivals in 1754 and brought out the first edition of "The Director." In 1762 they published their own book of patterns, "The Universal System of Household Furniture,"



FIG. 1. MADE BY L. BOUDIN, *MAÎTRE-ÉBÉNISTE*: A LOUIS XVI. BUREAU WHICH FRANK DAVIS COMPARES TO A FULL-BODIED AND FULL-BLOODED BURGUNDY.

In this article Frank Davis introduces an unusual analogy—he compares three types of furniture to three different types of wine. He considers that this luxurious Louis XVI. bureau, elaborately decorated with marquetry in different woods, by L. Boudin, is the equivalent of a full-bodied and full-blooded Burgundy.



FIG. 2. A LOUIS XV. KINGWOOD ROLL-TOP DESK (*BUREAU À CYLINDRE*) MADE C. 1760: COMPARABLE TO A SAUTERNES, SUAVE AND SWEET.

This roll-top desk with sectional panels of kingwood in rosewood borders is, in the article on this page, compared to a Sauternes—suave and sweet—in its luxurious simplicity.

fell from grace a century later and was found mainly on Victorian wash-hand stands. The *secrétaire* is stamped "L. Boudin Me" (i.e., *maître-ébéniste*) beneath the marble slab. This Boudin, who lived until 1804, was one of the many who brought distinction to Paris cabinet-making. He was not notably original but he was extremely successful, and he appears from his name to have been French. It is one of the oddities of the times that the men who are generally regarded as the real leaders of the trade in Paris bore, as often as not, German names—for example, Oeben and Riesener—fine craftsmen all who were attracted to

his death in 1763 his pupil, Riesener, carried on, with help from others. It was finished in 1769. There never was, and never has been since, a more extravagantly luxurious bureau or—what is more to the point—a bureau whose moving parts fitted with greater precision, for Oeben was, besides a good cabinet-maker, an impeccable mechanic. Here is a model of the style, but in sober walking-out dress, but so well cut that for the moment you don't realise how good are the details—which is as it should be. A second glance reveals some neat subtleties. I confess I find



FIG. 3. AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY MARQUETRY COMMODOE, ONE OF A PAIR, DUBLIN MADE AND INSPIRED BY ROBERT ADAM—WHOSE ANALOGY IS TO A VERY DRY GRAVES.

The third piece introduced into the comparisons of furniture with fine wine is this commode made in Dublin c. 1792, which is compared to a very dry Graves—"too dry for some people." It is composed of mahogany, rosewood, kingwood, satinwood and harewood (i.e., sycamore stained by oxide of iron to a greyish-green). The maker is thought to be William Moore. [Illustrations by courtesy of Christie's.]

which is more or less a crib from Chippendale's work. But then Chippendale borrowed other men's ideas also, so it is not necessary to worry over him. As for me, I can forgive Ince and Mayhew almost any sharp practice for having coined the phrase—which I have quoted here before: "... any gentleman may furnish as neat at a small expense, as he can elegant and superb at a great one." That's from their book, and that's where William Moore learnt his job. They taught him mighty well.

LONDON ART EXHIBITIONS, AND REMARKABLE INDO-GREEK COINS.



"BOULEVARD SERRURIER"; BY ALPHONSE QUIZET (B. 1885), ON VIEW AT THE REDFERN GALLERY. THIS PAINTING HAS BEEN PURCHASED BY THE FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM, CAMBRIDGE, THROUGH THE "FRIENDS OF THE FITZWILLIAM FUND."



"INTÉRIOR DU CHÂTEAU DE BROUILLARDS" (RENOIR'S GARDEN); BY ALPHONSE QUIZET, KNOWN AS "LE PEINTRE DES FAUBOURGS" ("THE PAINTER OF THE SUBURBS").

Alphonse Quizet, often called "le peintre des faubourgs" when a boy, painted on the Butte of Montmartre, where he gave the first lessons to another young artist—who grew up to fame as Maurice Utrillo. Quizet's work, on view at the Redfern Gallery till April 25, shows his affinity with Utrillo.

Gallery till April 25, shows his affinity with Utrillo.

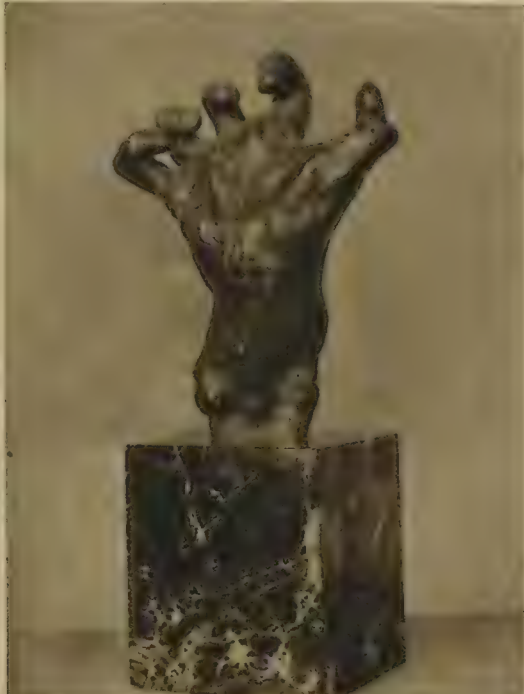


FIG. 1. "MAIN"; BY AUGUSTE RODIN (1840-1917), ON VIEW IN LONDON. (Height 3½ ins.)

FIG. 2. "VENUS"; BY RODIN, ON VIEW AT THE ROLAND, BROWSE AND DELBANCO GALLERY. (Height 19 ins.)

FIG. 3. "MAIN CRISPÉE"; BY RODIN, ONE OF THE SERIES MADE IN CONNECTION WITH "PORTE DE L'ENFER." (Height 5½ ins.)

The Auguste Rodin Exhibition at the galleries of Roland, Browse and Delbanco, due to open on April 9, is the first Rodin show to be held in London for twenty years. It has been organised in aid of the Tate Gallery's fund for the purchase of the Rodin sculpture "Le Baiser," which has long been on loan in the Gallery. The three bronzes we reproduce are included in the exhibition. The studies of hands were made in connection with Rodin's great composition, "Porte de l'Enfer" ("Hell's Gate"), inspired by Dante's "Inferno."

IMPORTANT INDO-GREEK SILVER COINS RECENTLY FOUND IN AFGHANISTAN, THE LARGEST SILVER GREEK COINS SO FAR RECORDED.

ON THE LEFT, OBTUSE OF TWO COINS, AND ON THE RIGHT, THE TWO TYPES OF REVERSE, ALL REPRODUCED FACSIMILE SIZE. THE COINS ARE ISSUES OF A RELATIVELY OBSCURE RULER, AMYNTAS NIKATOR (THE CONQUEROR), ONE OF THE SUCCESSORS OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT IN THE EAST. MR. A. D. H. BIVAR, ASSISTANT KEEPER, HEBERDEN COIN ROOM, THE ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM, OXFORD, WHO SENT US THE PHOTOGRAPHS, HAS SUPPLIED THE FOLLOWING NOTE.

"The authorities of the Museum at Kabul (Afghanistan) have recently acquired five Indo-Greek silver coins of unprecedented size. They are issues of Amyntas, a relatively obscure ruler who reigned in about 100 B.C. We must suppose that the coins were discovered in Afghanistan, but the exact date and circumstances of the find have not been disclosed. The Indo-Greek rulers, chiefs from the Greek military settlements founded by Alexander the Great along the Oxus, conquered and ruled much of Northern India in the second century B.C. Their coins have been known in Europe since the beginning of the eighteenth century; but the only parallel for a piece of these dimensions from any part of the Greek world is a unique twenty-stater gold piece of Eucratides, an earlier Greek king in the same area, which is preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris. This amazing coin weighs 168 grammes and has a diameter of 2½ ins. The weights of the five new coins have not yet been recorded, but it is simple to estimate it from their dimensions, and the figure reached is 91 grammes. They must be intended as pieces of the hitherto unheard-of denomination of twenty Attic drachms. The reason for the issue of such exceptional coins is explained by the inscription in Greek which they bear: 'Basileos Nikatoros Amyntou,' 'Of King Amyntas the Conqueror.' Although the rarity of his other coins implies a very short reign, Amyntas must at some stage have won a resounding victory, which these great silver pieces must be intended to commemorate. Two different reverse types are represented on the new coins, and the accompanying illustrations (reproduced actual size) are taken from the two specimens which are best preserved. A suggestion has been made that coins of such large size can only be forgeries. However, there are technical reasons which oblige us to reject this theory. Experts have pronounced the coins genuine, and the Kabul Museum is to be congratulated on a very important discovery."



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

LIVESTOCK IN THE GARDEN.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

A GARDEN without any livestock whatsoever would be a dull place indeed. In fact, it would be a dreary nightmare. Fortunately it would be an impossibility. Slugs, earwigs and ants, aphids, worms, woodlice and the rest, are always with us, and always will be, as a sort of minor livestock. We may detest them, but after all they do keep us on our toes, in a state of sustained warfare-cum-blood-sport. If our war upon these creatures could be carried to its completely successful and logical conclusion, it would almost certainly prove to be an illogical absurdity. Their sins and depredations may be obvious and infuriating, but it is pretty certain that if the malefactors that I have named could be completely wiped out, and permanently excluded from any garden, worse would befall. Other, less obvious, pests on which they batten would doubtless multiply to do other, and possibly worse, damage to the strawberries, the lettuces and the dahlias. And there would still be that ginger tom next door.

Cats—especially neighbours' cats—must surely be the most menacing of all livestock to town gardeners, with their dreadful burial rites in freshly dug ground, and their blatantly choral nocturnal conjugal rites on the flower-beds, instead of on the traditionally appointed tiles. Here let me make a suggestion. Farmers confine their cattle to appointed meadows by the simple device of a single strand of wire charged with an electric current. The voltage is such that the cattle are not harmed. But they will not face that wire to reach even the most succulent forbidden crop. If the manufacturers of this device were to adapt it for the use of town gardeners for the exclusion of cats, what a blessing it might be. A single strand of wire fixed along the top of the boundary wall or fence. It might work, or it might not. But it would undoubtedly sell like the hottest of cakes! To keep a cat or not to keep a cat, that is the question. If you live in a town, you may as well keep one, for you will have cats anyway. In the country it is different. But as an anti-rat and mouse precaution one cat at least seems to be indicated. It is not difficult to protect freshly-sown seeds with wire-netting laid lightly on the bed until danger is past.

As to a dog in the garden, it is largely a question of training and education. In the country the right dog should keep rabbits in their place—more or less. In a town the right dog should keep cats on the other side of the fence. One warning. As a student of dog psychology, I would suggest that it is unwise to plant your sage-bush close to the path at the corner of a bed. That is, if it's a dog dog.

Hens, yes. I would almost keep two or three hens even if it had to be on the balcony of a flat in Gower Street. In the country hens are even more valuable, not only on account of eggs, but for the sake of the rich manure they produce for the garden. I have a nephew who lives in St. John's Wood. He is an assiduous gardener, and a successful poultry-keeper, in a garden of the usual London size. He keeps five hens in a snug hen-house at the bottom of the garden. There is no hen-run, but a deep bed of dry litter on the floor of their house. Cruel, you say, to keep them in such close confinement? I can not believe it. They always look the picture of health and contentment, gossiping among themselves and scratching with unwearied optimism in the litter. And they lay like machine-guns. This in London. Yet in countless districts, deep in the heart of the country, good agricultural land is taken for the erection of council houses, which are let under an injunction that neither pigs nor poultry are kept. Why this crazy embargo? Often the gardens are quite generously large. Why should the tenants not be allowed to turn their household scraps and surplus garden greenstuff into eggs, and nourish their vegetable plots with poultry droppings? The embargo on pigs is perhaps a little more understandable.

But poultry. It seems crazy. Can it be lest neighbours be disturbed by clucking or crowing? If so, I suggest that Government agricultural back-room boys be turned on to devise some simple, painless surgical operation which would silence both cocks and hens. At the same time, they might think up some appropriate operation for the folk who make such regulations.

Authority never tires of making our flesh creep with warnings about impending food shortage. No need to make our blood boil in the same breath. During the war I visited a friend who was doing very well with domestic rabbits. He turned them down in a small paddock, adjoining his kitchen garden, wired them in securely, and left them to burrow and breed at their own sweet will—which they did. I asked him how he managed to get a licence to buy the wire-netting to keep them in. Too simple. He applied for a licence to keep rabbits out of his garden—and got it.

I once went through a phase of keeping goats, and learnt a lot about those engaging creatures. I learnt, for instance, that almost any nanny-goat that you buy will be guaranteed to be in kid—but seldom is. Also, of course, they are inveterate escapists and, having escaped, they make a bee-line for one's rarest and most expensive shrubs. One could almost believe that goats spend their leisure hour studying nursery catalogues. But undoubtedly they were a wonderful standby. They gave immense quantities of excellent milk—for their size—and in an emergency one always seemed to be able to coax from them at least enough of it for the visitor, shall I say, who likes his black coffee white—ever so little. But I found that goats demand a great deal of personal attention. More than I was able to give them. Also we had a disappointment with the occasional kids that were born. It was at a time when meat was severely rationed, and no licence was required for killing and eating a kid. Nanny kids were worth keeping and growing on. But an occasional billy kid seemed a grand idea, and promise of a rare treat. We ate one, but only one. Our butcher shamed us out of any repetition. He sent a message with that first kid—please would we never ask him to kill another. It had just broken his heart.

Of all livestock, I would rather have fish in my garden than any other, and I have not even got a cement pool with red water-lilies—and goldfish to clash with them. Yet along the whole length of my garden there rattles and babbles a jolly little brook. Unfortunately, it is not actually in my garden, but runs down a deep-sunk lane which bounds the garden, and there is no possibility of diverting so much as a drop or a trickle to my ground. The only fish that I harbour at present are a 5-in. carp and three small perch, who live in a long farmyard tank fed by running water. They spend their days skulking in one corner of the tank. At night, if I go out to look at them with an electric-torch, I find them out and about, feeding no doubt upon the hundreds of small water-snails with whom they share the tank. I give the perch occasional worms, and the carp small rations of bread, and they are all fat, prosperous and growing. But I want fish on a more generous scale than this. Yet my ambitions are quite modest. I do not crave a salmon river. A moderate stream (both banks) with pools and trouts, and in addition an acre or two of pond, with large carp, and very large perch.

Perhaps some day, when my ship comes home—or, better still, goes down and reaps the insurance—I will dig a pond somewhere in my garden and stock it with a dozen really big carp. I shall keep them purely as pets and ornaments, and tame them and feed them with buns and loaves of bread, as one feeds the great carp in the lake at the Palace of Fontainebleau. It will have to be a relatively small affair, even if the carp are big, for I must grow fruit, vegetables and flowers, and my whole garden is not over a couple of acres. But I would sacrifice even the asparagus to secure the carp pool, though probably I would later sacrifice something else, and plant another bed of asparagus, or more probably two.



THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

ALAS, POOR GHOST!

By J. C. TREWIN.

"IT is an honest ghost, that let me tell you." It is also an extremely puzzled ghost. If "The White Carnation," at the Globe, does no more, it proves to us that a ghost can be as baffled as anyone on earth. To enjoy R. C. Sherriff's new play fully, you have, I think, to imagine what your feelings would be if, on trying to re-enter your house after saying good-bye to Christmas Eve guests, you found the place closed against you.

A gust of wind that slammed the door shut might account for that. True; but what would you say if, on breaking the window, forcing an entry, you discovered your drawing-room unfurnished, and chill with the neglect of seven years? Would you believe that you were mad? And what would you imagine, further, if the police and (final insult) the local Coroner appeared and told you that, as you were dead and buried, you were breaking the law in returning to your own house?

A pleasant bristle of questions here. In his play, with its purely decorative title, Mr. Sherriff puts a stockbroker called John Greenwood into this fantastic predicament. Greenwood believes, unwillingly, that he is a shade when, after the police have been "distill'd almost to jelly" by his return, the surgeon informs him that his heart does not beat and that he has no circulation. (Apparently he, his wife and his guests had been killed seven years before by the last flying-bomb over the Home Counties.) Ghosts who know their job should fade at cockcrow, but Greenwood clearly does not know his job. Although the local authorities consider that, if he is unco-operative, it is their duty to lay him as fast as possible, he—for all he can say to the contrary—may be on the beat until the Last Trump sounds. Some of us, having flipped the pages of the programme and noticed that exactly a year passes between first scene and last, could have put him right on this; but Greenwood has not our advantages. The poor devil—or, at least, poor ghost—can merely look forward to an indefinite term of haunting. And not having been a great reader or a playgoer, he has no idea of any precedents.

Ghosts in the Drama have usually been grim figures: King Hamlet with solemn march; Banquo, with his "twenty trenched gashes"; a whole gloomy train. None of them had any experience in drawing-room haunting. None had to face a Coroner, or to manoeuvre, at a high level, with an official from the Home Office. Greenwood might have been more at home with Coward's blithe spirit who played backgammon with Genghis Khan, and who was bored stiff with Merlin's behaviour at parties. Unlike Elvira, Greenwood knows nothing whatever about events in "another place." He understands simply that, a short while ago, he was himself, and that now, according to the legal and medical mind, he is an intruder, a trespasser, a truant, whose whole duty is to fade away.

Mr. Sherriff, as we recall from "Miss Mabel" and "Home at Seven," delights in mingling the fantastic and the matter-of-course, small-town verisimilitude with signs-and-wonders. No one has a better hand with vicars (Harcourt Williams, rosily benevolent, is uncommonly good in the new play), with people next door in a provincial town, with the family doctor, or the constable from the station round the corner. In "The White Carnation" the ghost himself is, or was, a thoroughly normal person, though the flower he wears in his dinner-jacket is not the sign of a blameless life. He has been brusque, selfish, a bit of a bully, bent single-mindedly on success in his job. We do not wonder that, in spite of new aspirations, this restless spirit does not take easily to the thought of spending the æons in brushing up his literature, in reading Cicero, Bunyan, and the books he never had time for in the past.

What does he do? Here Mr. Sherriff disappoints us. Having invented an eerie first scene—its full effect does not hit us until later—and having, another, more striking, up his sleeve for the end of the evening, the dramatist has found it hard to cover the space between. He pads and pads. Although, thanks to his quick sense of humour, the time does not lag, we are conscious all the while of an opportunity lost. We come away, vaguely dissatisfied, feeling that the play itself is a ghost that, one day, may slip from our minds, leaving only a lingering sense of regret, possibly the last fragrance of a ghostly carnation. Still, it is not a routine occasion, and the cast gives every help. Sir Ralph Richardson, with his lost, desperate expression, is most persuasively the puzzled, unimaginative man who cannot fathom why, having reached journey's end, he has been brought back: the reason is not made clear until the last minutes of the piece. Meriel Forbes, as a girl interested in the ghost, and Colin Gordon, as a man from the Ministry, have troublesome parts. The girl needs all the actress's personality to colour her, and the Civil Servant is a glance at the obvious, though Mr. Gordon presents the fellow in his best dash-of-lemon manner. Campbell Singer and Ann Wilton have happier chances and take them. But we can say that "all the haunt" is Sir Ralph's.

In "Apparitions," the familiar "ballet on romantic themes," which is in the Sadler's Wells repertory at Covent Garden, we are in a world of which Mr. Greenwood would have known less than nothing. These Romantic-Gothick visions are surely from the brimming mind of Peacock's Scythrop Glowry, who would undeniably have seen himself as the young poet at work on what must have been a very bad sonnet. As a ballet to the Liszt music it remains a high-theatrical flourish-and-swirl. It was danced magnificently by the Wells company led by Margot Fonteyn and Michael Somes. Even so, it has not blotted from mind the terror of the last ballet in an evening's triptych, "A Mirror for Witches." This uncompromising witch-hunt reminded me of a line that has haunted me since childhood, from one of the now forgotten New England Tragedies of Longfellow, "drifting upon a sea of sorceries." April Olrich is an exciting young dancer.

So to the "sea of sorceries" in "Richard the Third" at Stratford-upon-Avon. Richard is one of the most theatrically alive villains in the range of the Drama. Yet, at Stratford now, he seems almost to be a ghost endeavouring to break through. That is because Marius Goring, an excellent actor when fitted, has not the drive for Richard. The man should be the most prodigal of villains. It is not wise to let one actor's performance obscure another by a player of a different type; but throughout Mr. Goring's clever Heep-cum-Quilp pathological study, his miniature of a Crookback, his voice was overlaid (in my mind) by the tones of Laurence Olivier. That was the most frightening performance I recall in the theatre. At Stratford I felt that there was something of the turnip-lantern about Mr. Goring's Richard; that this Wicked Uncle was playing at crime, pulling faces with difficulty. It is a simple matter of miscasting. There are several first-rate contributions from the Stratford cast. I noticed especially the Buckingham of Harry Andrews (all the makings of a Richard here) and Yvonne Mitchell's Lady Anne. And the ghosts, before Bosworth, have rarely walked better than under the ingenious direction of Glen Byam Shaw. Certainly good haunting!

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE WHITE CARNATION" (Globe).—Or what happens when the ghost of a stockbroker—killed seven years before by a flying-bomb—returns to earth and finds that the Town Council is strongly opposed to his remaining in his own house. This is a curious and intermittently impressive invention by R. C. Sherriff, with a good head and tail and a performance of quality by Sir Ralph Richardson as the "frustrate ghost." (March 20.)
 "JOHNNIE RAY AND VARIETY" (Palladium).—Mr. Ray, singing, weeping, gesticulating gyrating, is quite the most exhausting artist we have met at the Palladium for a long time. (March 23.)
 "RICHARD THE THIRD" (Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon).—Richard is the Red King, "raised in blood and . . . by blood established." From the first, as he prepares to hew his way to the crown, he should relish every moment of his villainy. Marius Goring does not give this impression and he does not terrify. It is too small a performance for the part. Glen Byam Shaw has produced finely and the Stratford cast is firmly about the throne. (March 24.)
 "THE HERALD ANGELS" (Embassy).—A faint, protracted comedy. (March 25.)
 "L'ENFANT PRODIGE" (Arts).—A famous mime revived. (March 25.)



"VICTIMS" OF THE ATOMIC BOMB OF MARCH 17: SOME OF THE DEPARTMENT STORE DUMMIES WHICH WERE USED AS "INHABITANTS" OF THE TWO FRAME HOUSES SUBJECTED TO ATOMIC BLAST AT YUCCA FLATS, NEVADA.

In our issue of March 28 we reproduced a number of photographs of the U.S. atomic bomb test of March 17 at Yucca Flats, in the Nevada Desert. For this test, it will be recalled, two frame houses were built (one three-quarters of a mile, the other a mile-and-a-half, from the point of explosion) and a number of shelters, cars, military equipment and other materials were disposed in the neighbourhood—in order to obtain practical knowledge of the effects of atomic explosion, with especial reference to civil defence. Both the houses and the vehicles were "manned" with shop-window dummies in various types of dress; and here we show some of the "victims," after they were brought back to Las Vegas. It is stated that the undamaged child dummy (held by the manager of a department store) was one of those placed in a shelter during the explosion, whereas none of

the damaged dummies shown were in the shelters. It will be recalled that while the nearer house to the explosion was almost completely destroyed, the further house suffered only superficial damage from blast (whatever the unstated radioactive effects may have been). Officials of the Federal Civil Defence Administration stated that the bomb shelters in the further house would have saved real inhabitants; but officials of the Atomic Energy Commission were less sanguine, and have pointed out that the "atomic device" exploded (on the top of a 300-ft. tower) was smaller than the Nagasaki bomb—it was probably equivalent to a single atomic artillery shell—and, also, that, if an atomic bomb were to explode at a height greater than 300 ft., the radio-active penetration into cellars and the like would be proportionately greater and more deadly.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



A JACKDAW SETS A PROBLEM.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

VERY few birds are permitted access to books, and the observation made by Mrs. Vera Jameson, of Gloucestershire, must therefore be unusual. Some time ago, she wrote me as follows: "I wonder if the following observation would be of interest? I have always believed it showed that a bird can appreciate a colour picture. Many years ago I had a tame jackdaw which was allowed freedom, with wings uncut. When shown the illustrations in Lewis Bonhote's 'Birds of Britain,' my bird would invariably attack the picture of the jackdaw. He would never show any enmity towards even the illustration of a rook, which was equally good. I send you the plate, and you will see that it was the eye that was attacked. After several demonstrations the bird had to be restrained when this plate was in view." The picture, showing the effects of the jackdaw's attacks, is reproduced on this page.

So there is the problem, and I must confess that I find it very difficult to give even a hesitating answer. A cat looking into a mirror recognises the image of a cat, and usually tries to find a way to the back of the mirror in search of this new companion. Jan Vlasák, when Superintendent of the Prague Zoo, recorded that *Snowwhite*, the polar bear-cub he reared in his own flat, used to play with its own reflection in the polished furniture. Whether it was the movement of its image which caught the cub's eye, or whether it recognised the outlines of one of its own kind, can only be conjectured. Birds, as has been shown repeatedly in recent years, will display to their own reflections in a mirror. Blackbirds are notoriously apt, during the nesting season, to fly at their reflections in windows or in polished brass plates, where these lie within their territories. Other experiments have shown that they will attack a stuffed bird, or even part of a stuffed bird of their own species, provided certain characteristic parts of the plumage are present. For example, the red-breast feathers only of a robin will cause another robin to fly into a fury of attack. Song-birds will also attack unmercifully a stuffed cuckoo placed near their nest.

The interpretation of these several things is dependent upon a number of factors, and these differ in each case, making a simple generalisation difficult. Cats, we may confidently assume, have efficient stereoscopic vision, and probably see objects in much the same way as we ourselves do. We are less sure of the working of the polar-bear eye; and in the case of the cub cited here, loneliness was clearly the motive for this behaviour. In the majority of passerine birds, on the other hand, the vision is almost certainly imperfectly stereoscopic at least, and it is difficult to appreciate precisely how any given object may appear to a jackdaw, say. It is probable, even, that their surroundings have the flat appearance to them that a picture has to us. This is hard to believe in view of the accuracy with which they pick up even minute objects of food, but it does suggest that the difference between the solid object and a picture of it is less to a bird with its eyes set one on each side of the head than to a human being with eyes capable of converging on a single point at close range.

I put this problem to an ornithologist friend whose opinions I value, who has the advantage of a long experience of studying aviary birds, including some of the near relatives of jackdaws. His reply was immediate: that it was the hard, white ring, so characteristic of the jackdaw's eye, which was the attraction. In other words, Mrs. Jameson's jackdaw was reacting to the brightness of the eye, as seen in the coloured plate, in very much the same way as it

would react to a bright coin, a piece of tinfoil, and so on, by trying to take it in its beak. At the same time, my friend did not rule out entirely the possibility that it was a case of true recognition.



THE ILLUSTRATION FROM BONHOTE'S "BIRDS OF BRITAIN," WHICH WAS REPEATEDLY ATTACKED WHEN SHOWN TO A PET JACKDAW. OTHER COLOUR PLATES WERE IGNORED: SHOWING THE HOLES PECKED BY THE BIRD AND THE TORN PAPER ON THE HEAD (INDICATED BY ARROWS).

This picture was shown to a pet jackdaw by its owner, Mrs. Vera Jameson, who reports that the bird "had to be restrained whenever this page was in view," and suggests that it recognised that it was the picture of another jackdaw.

Reproductions by courtesy of Messrs. A. and C. Black, publishers of "A Pocket Book of British Birds."



LACKING THE HARD, WHITE RING SO CHARACTERISTIC OF THE JACKDAW'S EYE, AND WHICH ATTRACTS THE JACKDAW'S ATTENTION AS ANY OTHER BRIGHT OBJECT MIGHT: THE ILLUSTRATION OF A ROOK FROM BONHOTE'S "BIRDS OF BRITAIN" WHICH WAS NEVER ATTACKED WHEN SHOWN TO THE PET JACKDAW MENTIONED ON THIS PAGE.

A recognition of this sort belongs to a higher level than the simple formula to which bird behaviour generally has been reduced by modern studies. Thus, a movement or some signal in the form of a patch of coloured feathers acts as a releaser stimulus to an innate pattern of behaviour. So, to a robin the red

breast is the all-important releaser, and a patch of red-breast feathers, mounted on a wire and placed within its territory is sufficient to call forth the innate aggressive display. The rest of the robin is unimportant. Another releaser, illustrating the same principle, is found in the short neck of the hawk. This is independent of the nesting season or the possession of a territory. The shadow of a hawk falling on the ground will cause a bird to utter its alarm note and seek refuge. The same thing occurs even when the hawk is a fair way off. And experiment has shown that the releaser stimulus is the short neck. When, for example, a series of cut-out silhouettes were passed over the heads of domestic turkeys, it made no difference what was the shape of the body, but a short neck was the releaser for the alarm note and a long neck called forth no response. So, a cooing dove with a short neck could send all the barnyard hens scuttling for safety, while a hawk with a long neck would raise no alarm. Indeed, we

have the perfect example with the sparrowhawk and the cuckoo, which in size, build and plumage are so remarkably alike; the hawk, with its short neck, releases the innate alarm behaviour; the cuckoo, with its long neck, is mobbed—even when it is stuffed.

These are but a few of the many examples brought to light in recent years, suggesting that the behaviour of birds is conditioned by portions only of the bodies of potential friends or foes. But these elemental features of behaviour are surely not the whole story. They are merely the ultimate elements of behaviour which, synthesized, produce behaviour of a higher level. Moreover, the more one thinks round and about this problem, the more it becomes evident that there must be an all-over recognition of the individual, friend or foe, that the face plays a large part in this recognition, and that the eye, certainly in birds, if not in other animals, has as significant a rôle as with us.

Birds do, of course, peck at the eyes of victims, this behaviour being characteristic of birds of prey and of carrion feeders, but the eye so treated is usually that of a dead animal, when it is lack-lustre and often partially closed. Whether, then, we have two types of attack on the eye is open to further study. There may be the pecking at the eye of a dead beast as a means solely of obtaining a tit-bit; and the entirely different blow aimed at the eye as a means of defence or aggression, and corresponding to the human tendency to hit an offending fellow-human in the eye.

Perhaps the key to the problem presented by Mrs. Jameson's jackdaw lies in her remark: it was "allowed freedom, its wings uncut." Not to have flown away, the bird must have been very fond of its owner, or, as we say to-day, was fixated on her. It is more likely that the picture represented to it an intruder, one to be fought off; that there was total recognition of it as another jackdaw; and—unless the bird was a poor shot—that the blows were aimed at the head and not specifically at the eye.

Bonhote's book, published in 1907, is not easy to obtain to-day, but the same coloured plates are used in "A Pocket Book of British Birds" (A. and C. Black; 9s.), so that it would be easy to repeat Mrs. Jameson's experiments—if one had a tame jackdaw.

THE CORONATION OF H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH II.

THE beautifully-reproduced Double Numbers of *The Illustrated London News* recording the last three Coronations have proved to be abiding souvenirs of so great an occasion—treasured for their power of evoking those moments of history when a British Sovereign dedicates himself to the service of his people.

Aspects of the Coronation of her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II, and a record of the ceremony itself will appear in two Double Numbers of *The Illustrated London News* (issued on May 30 and June 6), forming a souvenir of the occasion of the greatest interest.

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TWO WINNERS ROMP HOME: THE GRAND NATIONAL AND THE BOAT RACE.



LENGTHS AHEAD OF THE NEAREST CONTESTANT: *EARLY MIST*, RIDDEN BY BRYAN MARSHALL, WINNING THE GRAND NATIONAL AT LIVERPOOL ON MARCH 28 FROM *MONT TREMBLANT*. THIRD, AND TWENTY-FOUR LENGTHS BEHIND THE WINNER, WAS *IRISH LIZARD*. ONLY FIVE HORSES FINISHED THE GRUELLING COURSE.

Early Mist, owned by Mr. J. H. Griffin and ridden by Bryan Marshall, won the 1953 Grand National at Liverpool on March 28 by twenty lengths from Miss Dorothy Paget's top-weight, *Mont Tremblant*, ridden by D. V. Dick. Third was *Irish Lizard*, ridden by R. Turnell. Of the thirty-one horses, only five finished

the punishing course. *Overshadow* was fourth and *Senlac Hill* was fifth. *Early Mist*, trained by V. O'Brien, was bought by the late Mr. J. V. Rank as a yearling and sold at the Rank dispersal sale for 5300 guineas. *Early Mist* is an eight-year-old by *Brumeux* out of *Sudden Dawn* by *Hurry On*.



WINNING THE 103RD UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE BY EIGHT LENGTHS: CAMBRIDGE PASSING THE WINNING-POST AT MORTLAKE ON MARCH 28 AT THE END OF A RACE IN WHICH OXFORD FAILED TO SHOW THEIR PRACTICE FORM AND NEVER CHALLENGED THE CAMBRIDGE LEAD.

Cambridge won the University Boat Race over the famous Putney to Mortlake course by eight lengths in 19 mins. 54 secs. on March 28. Cambridge won the toss and chose the Surrey station. Within the first few minutes it seemed that Cambridge already had the measure of their opponents. Thousands of people watched what proved to be a rather disappointing race from the spectators' point of view, as the outcome

never appeared to be in dispute. Cambridge showed better form than ever before; their outstanding oarsman was McCagg, of Harvard University. Oxford never showed their practice form and their rowing was strangely lifeless. Owing to the pressure on space in this issue we regret that we are unable to devote our usual coverage to the results of the two great sporting events illustrated on this page.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

CHARM is a useful word up to a point, but it applies so widely as to be rather trite and inexpressive. For two of this week's novels I need a bolder term; I think the word enchantment will be used. Only not quite in the same sense, and not, perhaps, by the same readers. Odd though it may sound, the tale I thought enchanting, or enchanted, centres in a revolting crime. It is extremely gay; it might be called the Sadist's Comedy. Yet it is not more humorous than sympathetic; fun and humanity are blended, with a magic touch. In brief, and to dispel the wonder, it is by Marcel Aymé. "The Secret Stream" (Bodley Head; 11s. 6d.) came out in 1936; but now at last we have caught up with it.

And it is far from easy to distil. For its small mirror holds the reflection of a town, clear and entire—as little Antoine and his friends saw it from the Cathedral top, at the dramatic zenith of the story. And this small town encloses a plurality of worlds. There is the Upper Town, stretching towards the north and the dull suburbs of respectability. Southward, respectability becomes importance; here are the well-built mansions of the few, and here, quite close to the Cathedral, Marguet the lawyer has his pleasant home. And, finally, there is the separate town in the abyss: the Malleboine, in its "deep, fan-shaped gulf."

Yet though the Malleboine seems to have no relations with the upper air, there is in fact a web of reciprocity. This tale springs from a meeting of extremes. If any figure might serve as an epitome of the abyss, it is the "monster" Trousseau, the foul-mouthed and pathetic ape. Maitre Marguet, on the other hand, is not just one of the élite—he is above, apart, in kindness, sensibility and moral distinction. And yet the "monster" bursts upon his view like a familiar fiend: like that poor gargoyle in the church, whom he has often stroked, and worshipped, and dreamed of setting free, that they might both run off after "unbridled joys." His plan immediately takes shape; and its "unbridled joy" explodes as a sadistic murder, in which the whole community becomes involved. All who have stumbled on the truth react in their own way: and as a rule, with a degree of baseness and complicity strictly proportioned to their rank in life. Only the lower world and its indigenous, pathetic monster emerge with flying colours.

That in itself might be quite glumly the "correct idea." But there is something more; all the ignoble are forgiven, in the very act. For they are all incorrigibly funny. I was going to add, even the dreary are forgiven; but in the light of comedy they don't exist. Take Antoine's father—as dull and hag-ridden a petty-bourgeois as one could fear to meet, yet in the story a disarming joke. And there is yet a further charm: there is the high, romantic comedy of the three school-boys, with their friend Trésor, the disreputable elf, and their assault upon the "secret stream."

OTHER FICTION.

"The Leaves of the Tree," by Eiluned Lewis (Peter Davies; 12s. 6d.), has nothing squalid, Puckish or equivocal in its whole course; it flows on like a brook, with a protracted murmur of delights. Of course there are sad moments too. For the child Sharon, exiled from India and love to a cold house in Surrey and a correct Aunt Adela, it has a sorrowful beginning. Later, the primroses come out; and the dull governess is "good at flowers," though in a terribly dull way. And then at last Sharon goes wandering alone, passes the "Secret Gate," and enters a new country of the mind. Victor Lavelli, the huge, old, eminent French painter, is living here in his retirement. There is a tame duck and a pair of goats, a cat, a gardener called Trump, a row of hives—and a large, hospitable saint, the artist's sister. To Sharon, theirs is an enchanted world—where meals have no fixed hour, nothing is ever tidied, and the talk is "real."

Then comes a season of eclipse. This is the eve of change; soon war breaks out, the guardian Emilia dies, and Victor, ravaged by his loss and the defeat of France, broods like an old bear in its den. Sharon, on her return from school, finds there is "nobody to see," and feels that all is desolate. Yet that same day, she first meets Damaris the happy wife—Damaris the "third princess" of the ballad, who woos old Victor from his gloom, revives the ancient spell, then goes out like a shooting star. The tale is rambling, fragmentary, and for me too smooth, too superficially "redeemed." But it is full of flowers—a summer holiday to the mind's eye.

"In the Absence of Angels," by Hortense Calisher (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.), absents us from felicity as well. It is a book of stories from New York, thoughtful, distinguished, and on the whole not gay. Of its two leading themes, one is "the strange disease of modern life"—the isolation of the heart, the "grey smutch" of the mediocre, the sufferings of the defeated young. And then, there are the sketches from a "family album." These, really, are about growing up; they feature the same boy or girl—not both at once—and they are like the rest in tone, only more personal. To take one instance, the Elkins are "assimilated" Jews. This plight has been the subject of another tale, "One of the Chosen," in which the pretext is an Old Boys' gathering. And in the "family album" it recurs, as the experience of the child Hester. But it has no pervasive quality. Hester is any bookish and inquiring child, in the predicament of growth. The tales are likeable all through—not sad without relief, not quite as uniform in substance as I have made out, highly intelligent and sympathetic.

"Who Calls the Tune," by Nina Bawden (Collins; 10s. 6d.), has a predestined corpse, a siren with an artificial leg. Venetia was maimed in childhood by a bomb, but her career as a white devil has been unimpeded. Paul, the narrator, is her slave, and loathes poor Henry Sykes for not making her happy; Henry is wretched too, but what of that? Now she is flaunting a new love-affair, and urging hospitality on a dull sister with a neurotic, ugly little boy. This might suggest a change of heart; but Paul is not deceived, and the child thinks he is being poisoned. Just as this "fantasy" comes to a head, the siren falls into a quarry; and of course not by chance. The chief distinction of the book is its tormented air—Paul's atmosphere of bitter love. Also it has assurance, movement, and for the end a startling surprise. Whether this secret has been fairly kept, and whether, after all, it was worth keeping, I shall forbear to judge.

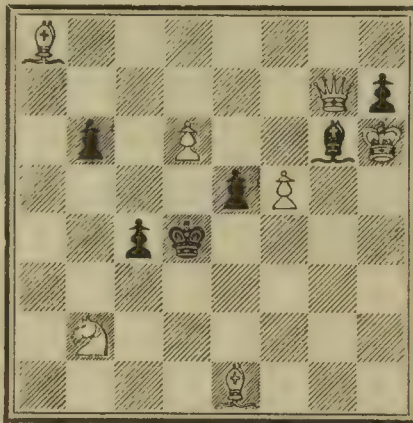
CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

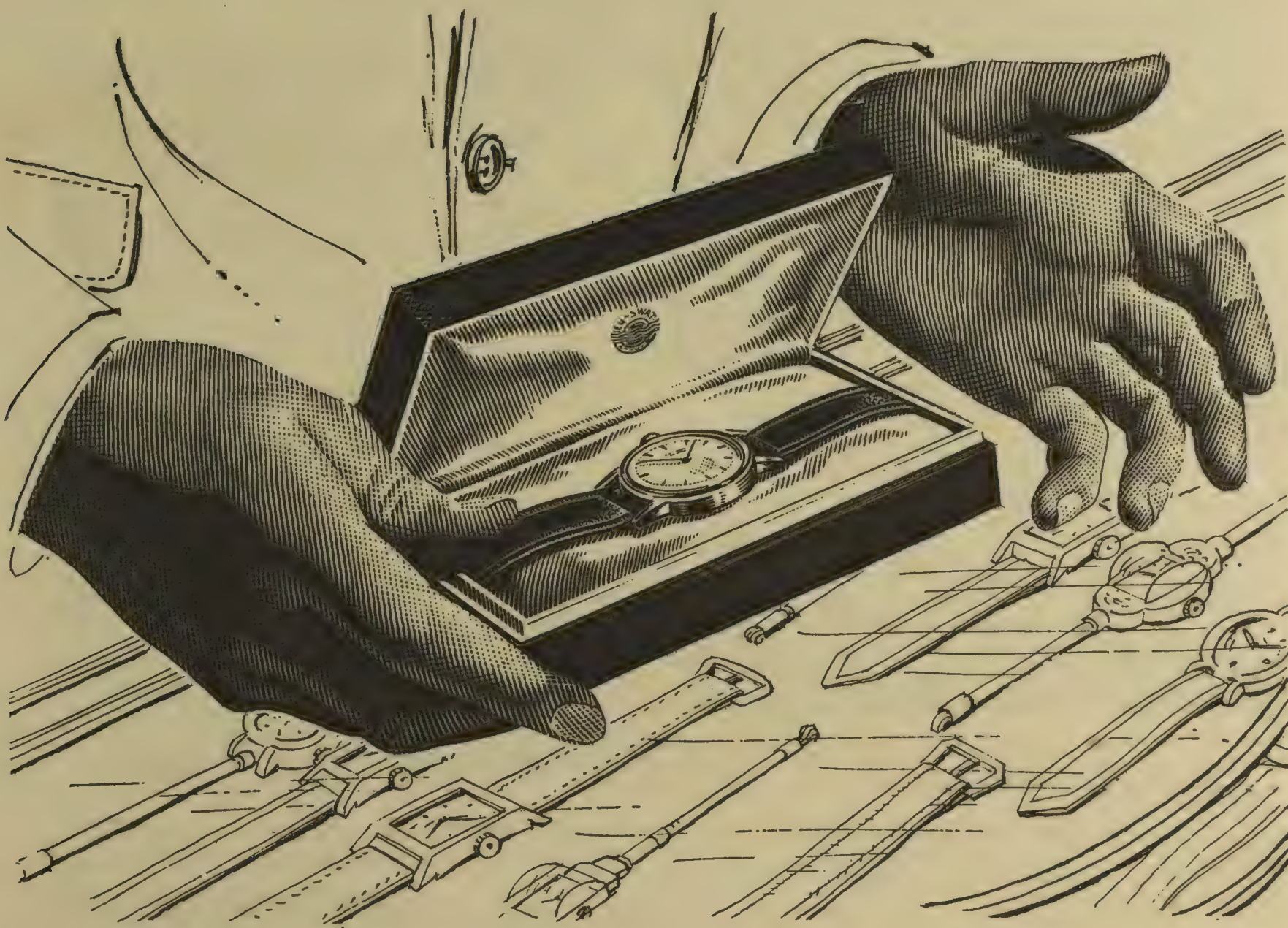
THOUGH the pre-eminence in chess attained by the Communist countries as a result (largely) of intensive State aiding of the game is unquestionable, it can easily be over-estimated. Young Bisguier, of New York, managing to get away from his American Army of Occupation duties for long enough to play in an international tournament in Vienna recently, finished first in a field of leading masters from six countries, including Yugoslavia.

Glancing through the first issue of a new official Yugoslav chess magazine, I find the following neat little problem composed by an Englishman, T. King-Parks, deemed worthy of reproduction.

BLACK.



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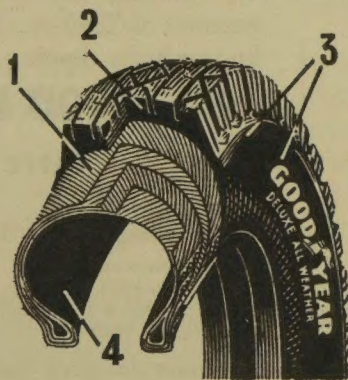
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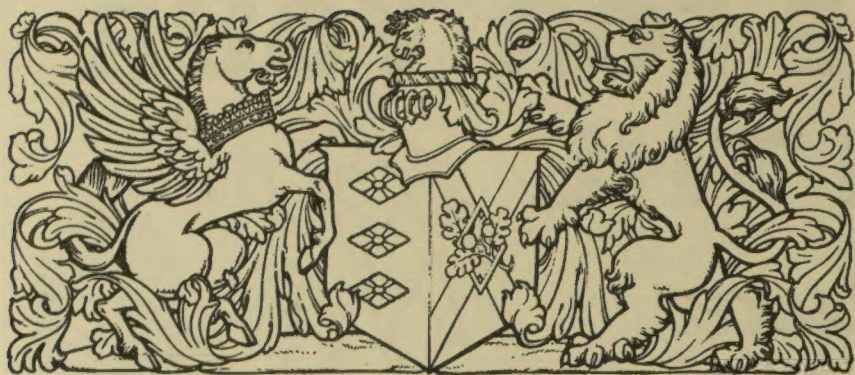
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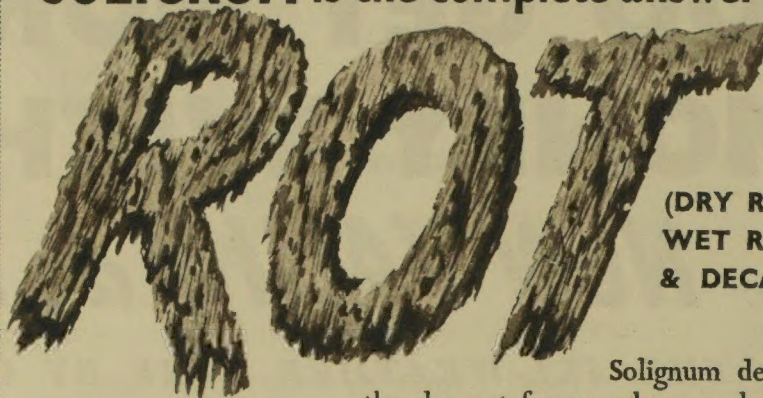
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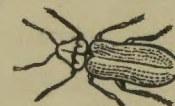
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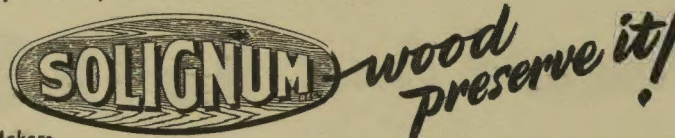
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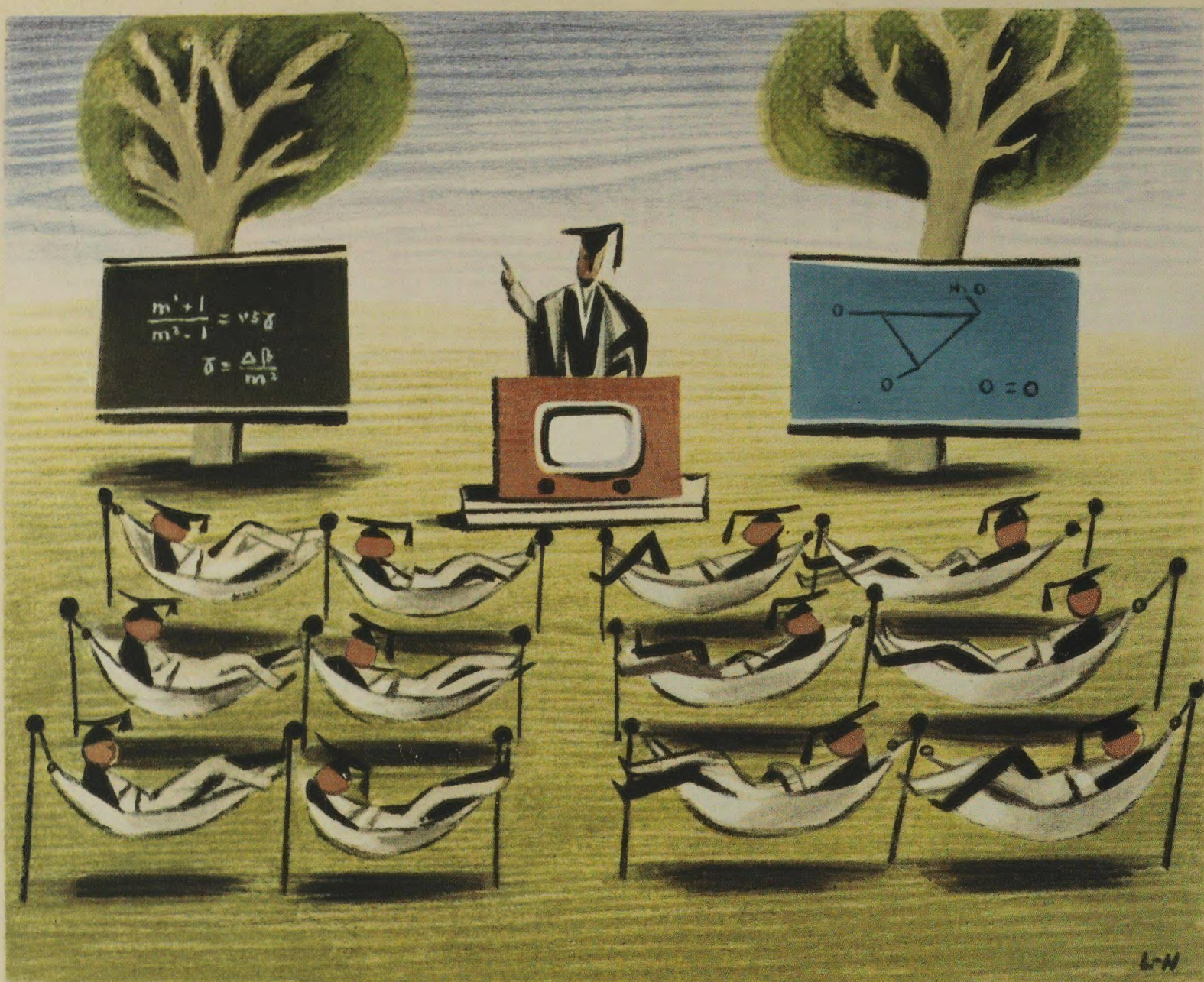
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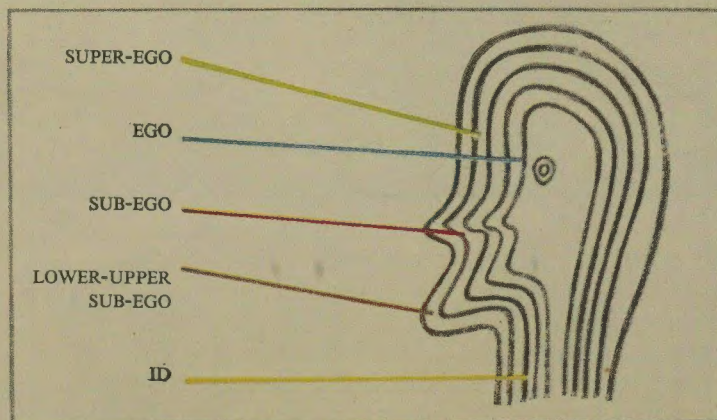
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(SLEEP WHILE YOU LEARN)

It was our pioneer educationist Monteschworri who first shouted EAT CAKE NOISILY to her infant charges in order, by counter-suggestion and general Reacting Against, to ensure stubborn silence and peace at tea-times. Using the same technique, the Youth-boss or Magister of our school of Schwepponomics begins his seminar by ordering his students to keep on the alert. During the deep sleep which immediately follows, the paths to deeper knowledge are unblocked, diagrams and television demonstrations are felt rather than merely seen, and a simple repetition, if necessary by gramophone, of Euclid Book Six, the Law of Demand Curves, or the influence of Jane Austen, is indelibly printed on the

more delicately receptive under-cortex or deeper matrix — to put it in the simplest possible language — of the student mind.



Designed by Lewitt-Him, written by Stephen Potter

SCHWEPPEVERSCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH